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If it be possible, as much as in you lies, study to live at peace with all men.

# WAR!

O World!  
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?

BYRON.

## WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?



**OUTRAGED NATURE.**—She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

**THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.**—In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast. 'In the sanitary world it means in the whole Metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid ("and which may be prevented")'.—CHADWICK.

**PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE,  
BUT IT IS TRUE!**

**WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE**  
LOSS TO MANKIND and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread winners of families.

**AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD!  
ABROAD MY VADE MECUM!**

## IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

**A GENERAL OFFICER**, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—' Blessings on your "FRUIT SALT!" I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—"Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

'When "ENO'S SALT" betimes you take,  
No waste of this elixir make;

'But drain the dregs, and lick the cup  
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.'

**'EGYPT, CAIRO.**—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable "FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO.'

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.'—ADAMS.

*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.*

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Pate.





# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1890.

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## *Virginie.*

A TALE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY VAL PRINSEP, ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

### CHAPTER LV.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

EARLY on the morning of July the 27th (9th Thermidor) the two friends presented themselves at Carnot's. He was there, looking pale and worn. He had been sitting on the Committee of Public Safety all night. All was going well, he said. The remains of the Girondin Party had agreed to coalesce with part of the Mountain, and the Plain, too, had determined at last to oppose Robespierre. If only the sections could be persuaded to submit! He begged the two, with Jean Durand, to attend at the Convention, and to prepare, if wanted, to march with such troops as their party could collect to overawe the Robespierre faction.

It was yet early when they arrived at the Tuileries. There was a great movement in the hall itself. Members were moving in and out, talking and shaking hands in the lobbies. It was evident, to those who knew the men themselves, that many who had been outwardly enemies were now fraternising. St. Just was the first to present himself in the Tribune. He began his speech with all his old assurance. Opposite him sat Robespierre, watching

the Opposition, and trying to overawe them by his looks; but he appeared himself pale and uneasy, and Tallien, who boldly confronted him, stared him out of countenance. St. Just had not proceeded far when Tallien rudely interrupted him. 'Shall the speaker eternally denounce and proscribe members of this Assembly?' he cried, and proceeded to unveil the plot settled the night before at the Jacobins. Billaud de Varennes added further particulars. 'The Assembly will perish if it show the slightest weakness!' he cried. Tallien then recommenced, and the house tumultuously decreed the arrest of Dumas, the President of the Revolutionary Committee, and Henriot, the Commander of the National Guard. In vain Robespierre tried to address the house. Commencing at first with calmness he was at last irritated by the cries of the Opposition. 'If I have done these things condemn me to death!' he shouted amidst a general uproar. 'You have deserved it, *scélérat!*—a thousand times you have deserved it!' yelled many members. Then Robespierre tried abuse, 'It is a lie!' he cried, and he looked round on the benches from whence he was wont to receive his greatest encouragement. The Mountain did not respond now. Then he glared at the Opposition. 'Turn away from these benches!' shouted the remains of the Girondins. 'Vergniaud and Condorcet have sat here.' 'Pure and virtuous *citoyens*,' he cried, with livid lips, to the Marais, or Plain, who sat in the centre of the house, 'will you give me the leave to speak which these assassins refuse me?' No voice replied, and Thuriot, who presided, rang his bell.

'President of assassins, will you allow me to speak?' yelled Robespierre with failing voice. '*Scélérat!*' replied one from the Mountain, 'the blood of Danton chokes you.' 'Oh!' cried he, 'you would avenge the Danton! Cowards! why did you not defend him?' 'I demand the arrest of Robespierre!' shouted Louchet. 'Agreed! agreed!' resounded from all sides. '*Citoyens*,' cried Billaud de Varennes, 'liberty is about to be restored.' 'Say, rather,' hoarsely croaked Robespierre, 'crime is about to prevail. The Republic is abandoned to brigands!' The act of accusation was carried amid wild excitement. The young Robespierre insisted on sharing his brother's fate, and St. Just, Couthon, Le Bas, Dumas, and Henriot were unanimously decreed under arrest and sent to prison.

During the whole sitting La Beauce was hardly less excited than the principal actors. To him the condemnation of Robespierre meant everything. It implied the release of Virginie,

the end of the Reign of Terror. All that was necessary to pull down the foremost man of France, was the old cry that had lost the Girondins' cause and had brought Danton to the guillotine—Treason, counter-Revolution, plotting with Royalty. Had not fleurs-de-lis been found in his lodgings? Had he not saved the life of Capet's daughter that he might marry her and rule over France as dictator? Had he not offered to save the life of Egalité himself if only he would give one of his daughters in marriage to the saviour of his country?

It was five o'clock before the sitting of the Convention terminated, but before then La Beauce and his friends had forced their way from the overcrowded gallery from which they had listened to the proceedings. For Robespierre and his party had been despatched to different prisons, and at half-past four the *tocsin* had sounded, the drums were beat, and fighting seemed inevitable.

Robespierre had been consigned to the prison of the Luxembourg, but the men in authority there refused to receive him, and he was taken to the office of the police, whence he was rescued by a mob who conveyed him to the Maison Centrale, or Hôtel de Ville, where he was received with triumph. The other accused were similarly rescued, and at seven o'clock, when the Convention resumed their sitting, affairs seemed going against them. The furious Henriot had surrounded the Tuileries with his troops and was haranguing his artillery men, urging them to open fire upon the Hall of Assembly; the sections were assembling in full force at the Hôtel de Ville.

Meanwhile the Convention were mustering all the troops they could trust, and some three thousand having with difficulty been collected, they were placed under the command of Barras, and marched off to the Hôtel de Ville.

La Beauce and Tamplin, with the faithful Jean, made their way in advance to the place of attack. They had entrusted to them by Carnot the decree proclaiming the outlawry of the Council-General of the Commune, which they had undertaken to deliver. It was, of course, an act of considerable danger, but their blood was up, and, under such circumstances, men do not consider the risk they run. As they made their way to the Hôtel de Ville a generous rivalry arose as to who should deliver the decree. Jean insisted that he ought to do so, alleging that the authority of his two superiors would be better exercised in trying to gain an influence on the troops assembled and endeavouring

to win them to the cause of the Convention. And it was finally so arranged.

On arriving at the Place de la Commune all was found in terrible confusion. The Place itself was crowded with the troops of the different sections, who had been summoned by the mayor to defend Robespierre. Through these with some difficulty Jean forced his way. Inside the building itself the confusion was, if possible, even greater. In the hall of the Committee-General were sitting Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Payan, and others. Robespierre was livid and trembling. The others were persuading him to sign some decree. He hesitated—they insisted, then, with a trembling hand, he took the pen and commenced. 'No,' he cried, 'I will never give the first example of a representative being enslaved by a simple citizen.'

'Then,' said Couthon, 'there is nothing left for us but to die.'

'Thou hast said it,' said Robespierre.

'It is thou that hast murdered us!' cried St. Just, with fierce energy.

Robespierre sunk his head on his hands, and sat thus with his elbows on the table, the picture of despair.

At that moment Payan, who seemed to have all the energy of the party, spied Jean.

'What hast thou there?' he asked.

'*Citoyen*,' said Jean, in his deep, solemn voice, 'the decree of the Convention proclaiming thee, and those with thee, *Hors la loi*.'

There was something so weird in the appearance of this man—alone and calm—with his thin, weather-beaten face and his wolfish grey eyes, deep hid beneath his brow; something so befitting the messenger of death, that those there assembled were silent and overawed as he laid the decree on the table. Robespierre groaned, Couthon's placid face flushed; but St. Just and Payan quickly recovered themselves.

'Seize the man!' cried St. Just; 'off with him to the cells.'

A hundred arms were stretched towards Jean, who made no resistance and was dragged from the room.

'We are lost!' gasped Robespierre.

'By no means,' urged Payan, and taking up the decree he added, 'This will be our great card and decide the waverers.'

He advanced to the open window, and, holding the decree in his hands, he addressed the crowd below.

'*Citoyens*,' he cried, 'the Convention have filled the measure

of their crimes. I hold here their last decree declaring Robespierre and all those who love their country and are faithful to their trust, *Hors la loi*. And not only that, but this fell decree proceeds to declare you, and all here assembled, in like manner outlaws! Is this to be borne? Will you, the people for whom Robespierre has worked, and for whom he is condemned, allow him to be torn from your midst? Will you permit this Convention, already rotten to its core, to condemn the whole people? Never—never!’ And he tore the decree to pieces and threw it amongst the people.

But this speech was received in silence. In vain Henriot, by his blustering, tried to raise their enthusiasm. *Hors la loi* sounded terrible to their ears. La Beauce, Tamplin, and others, who had been working amongst the troops, pointing out the enormity of defending these men, who had been condemned by the representatives of the people, now found ready ears; so that, when the troops of the Convention appeared, the *canonniers*, who had been waiting around the Maison Centrale with lighted *mèches*, commenced fraternizing with them. Henriot was driven into the Hôtel de Ville by the shouts of ‘Vive la Convention!’ and a body of gendarmes rushed towards the committee-rooms led by Bourdon de l’Oise, with whom were La Beauce and Tamplin. As they entered the room they heard Coffinhal cry to Henriot:

‘Traitor! this is the result of thy imbecility.’ And as he spoke he threw him from the window. The gendarmes rushed forward to seize Coffinhal, but he, too, leaped from the window, as did the younger Robespierre.

At the table still sat Maximilien Robespierre, with his head on his hands. Before him lay a pistol. ‘There he is!’ shouted Leonard Bourdon. A gendarme of the name of Meda rushed towards him. Robespierre raised the pistol and the flash followed. He fell with his jaw smashed by the bullet.

St. Just, who had been crying to Lebas to blow his brains out, was seized, for he, Lebas, had turned the pistol he held to his own head, and crying, ‘Coward, follow my example!’ had succeeded in destroying himself.

Couthon, the paralytic, was dragged from beneath the table, where, with trembling hands, he had been ineffectually trying to terminate his existence with a knife.

In the room full of smoke La Beauce in vain searched for Jean. Seizing one of the men whom he found there, and presenting a pistol to his head he loudly demanded what had

become of him. The man, glad to escape from the arrest he saw impending, cried that 'he would show the way,' and leading La Beauce through a side door, brought him to a sort of cell or cupboard in which they found Jean calmly waiting the result.

'Ah, Jean,' cried La Beauce, 'thou art safe!'

'I had no fear,' said Jean quietly; 'when I saw Robespierre sitting there in such a pitiable state of terror, I said to myself: "That man cannot succeed to-day!"'

Together the two returned to the committee-room. All was over there. Robespierre and Couthon, thought to be dead, were dragged to the Quai Pelletin, where it was proposed to throw the bodies into the river, but it was found they still lived, and they were stretched on boards, and carried to the Convention between one and two in the morning. There the members refused to receive them, and they were conveyed to the ante-room of the Committee of General Safety, and Robespierre was placed on the table, where he was insulted and reviled by his former colleagues, the clerks sticking penknives and pens into his flesh. He lay motionless, with foam coming from his broken jaw; nor was it till six in the morning that a surgeon could be found to bind and dress his wounds.

The friends, finding their work done, went straight home. Already the news of the fall of the tyrant was spreading. The streets were empty as usual, but windows were open and people were asking news. On being told of the result of the night's fighting, great joy was shown. The report spread like wildfire. Although it was only two o'clock in the morning, men dressed and sallied forth to seek the confirmation of the intelligence. They crowded to the Convention, and to the hall of the committee-room where Robespierre lay. They embraced in the streets and wept. For the first time for some months friends saluted each other without fear. It was felt the Reign of Terror was over!

As they proceeded along the Rue St. Honoré they passed the shop of Duplay, the furniture-dealer, where Robespierre had lodged. The tricolour flags were still there, the wreaths were twisted about them, but in the early dawn the place looked deserted. No *Tappe-durs* there now! Only from a window appeared a blanched face. It was that of a woman, the daughter of Duplay, himself a member of the Committee-General, to whom some said Robespierre was secretly married. To her he is said to have been kind and patient. Perhaps she loved. Surely there is no one, however terrible, who has not a soft place in his heart; and this Maximilien,

calm, selfish, self-concentrated, may have turned to that one being for the affection necessary to even the sternest. As Tamplin passed the house he said, 'There lived the idol of the people yesterday; to-day, there will be no accusation too great to heap on his head, no calumny too outrageous not to be believed. I know the people,' he added as he gravely shook his head.

Mademoiselle Duplay gazed wistfully after them. She had not the heart to ask for news, nor did they care to tell her that Maximilien Robespierre would come home no more.

No time was lost in completing the triumph of the Convention. On the 10th Thermidor, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the ill-omened procession left the Conciergerie where Robespierre had been placed in the cell occupied formerly by Danton, Hébert, and Chaumette. Never were the streets of Paris more crowded. Every window was filled with eager spectators, and, even to the roofs of the houses, every available point of view was taken advantage of. The tumbril on which were placed Robespierre, Couthon, and Henriot was the centre of attraction. These unhappy men were wounded and covered with blood, and more resembled brigands captured after a sanguinary conflict with gendarmes than men who had two days before been the principal citizens of a civilized state. As the tumbril moved slowly through the street, with their drawn swords the gendarmes who accompanied the prisoners pointed out Robespierre to the people, at which shouts of applause followed! How unlike the 'incorruptible Robespierre' he looked now! Ashy pale, his eyes closed, and his jaw tied up with a linen bandage which was stained with blood, he, who was ordinarily so neat in appearance, now appeared dishevelled. Across his shoulder was tied his well-known blue coat. Men noted the fineness of his linen.

As the tumbril passed the end of the street where stood the Café de la Grande Nation, a woman rushed forward and, seizing one of the bars of the *charette* in which sat Robespierre, shook her other fist in his face, shouting:

'Monster from Hell! thy suffering makes me mad with joy!'

Here Robespierre opened his eyes and gazed at her sadly.

'Go,' she cried, '*scélérat*! descend to thy tomb amid the execrations of every wife and mother in France.'

The woman loosed her hold, the careless guards allowed her to pass back to the line of spectators, laughing with brutal indifference. Robespierre's eyes shut once more, and he shivered as he heard the shouts of applause that greeted her, as with head

erect she proudly returned to her place, after having insulted the man before whom, two days before, all France trembled ! It was Louison.

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## CHAPTER LVI.

### THE PRISON OF LES CARMES.

VIRGINIE was in prison. A few hours after the notice given her by Annette, a man in a tricolour scarf had arrived, accompanied by a few gendarmes, who, in the name of the law, had arrested Jacques le Blanc and herself. In the absence of the boy and Célimène, whose names had been by good fortune omitted from the denunciation of Capitaine Pinard, there were no distressing leave-takings to be gone through. Pale and silent, Virginie followed the guard. She was accused as 'Ci-devant Comtesse de la Beauce,' necessarily, therefore, plotting counter-revolution and the restoration of the *émigrés*. Jacques had aided in concealing aristocrats, had therefore sympathised with 'suspects' and plotted, &c., &c. He too was, for him, calm. 'Pierre,' he said, 'thou art but an imbecile, but thou art honest, see to the café in my absence.'

'Thy café will be closed,' said the bescarfed official.

'So much the better, perhaps,' answered Jacques. 'It is a comfort to think that some good patriots, some of those by whose orders thou art here, my friend, will thereby be deprived of a good meal to which they were accustomed in my house.'

And with this consolation Jacques managed to preserve the calmness of a hero, though, poor fellow, he had but little of the hero in his disposition.

At the door of the café stood a coach, and, though it was very early in the morning, around it was a crowd, for Jacques was well known and respected in his section. Among them were his neighbour the *perruquier*, and of course the son of Rousselet's *concierge*, the little Victor. No hand was stretched forth to bid him adieu. In silence the two mounted the coach. As it rolled away the little Victor shouted, '*Vive la guillotine!*' and the rest slunk back to their occupations, saddened by the thought that perhaps it might be their turn next. For now it seemed it was not the great and noble who were taken, but even the *bourgeoisie* were not safe !

Jacques, as they started, whispered to Virginie, 'Didst thou see Pinard?' and Virginie turned away her head. Yes; there was Pinard, to gloat over the trouble he had brought on these two! Virginie had seen him, and knew, by the grim smile that made his face even more hideous, that he was enjoying his triumph.

The prison of Les Carmes was a Carmelite convent in the Rue Vaugirard from which that religious society had been expelled. In as many points as possible the arrangements of the prison were made to conform to the supposed requirements of prison discipline. There was the *guichette*, where the gaolers received the prisoners, and the *souricière* (mousetrap) into which they were introduced till they could be classed and portioned off to the ward where they were to rest. In the prisons, as elsewhere, money procured attention. When Virginie and her father arrived at Les Carmes, they were first placed in the *souricière*, where the stench was so dreadful that Virginie was nearly fainting, and Jacques was so overcome that he could only whisper, 'Courage, my daughter.' The door shut upon them; there was no light, except what came from a small grating high on the wall.

Virginie was brought before the principal gaoler, by whom, as there happened to be room in the female part of the prison, she was consigned to her billet. But before she was allowed to take her place she had to submit to what was technically called *rapio-tage*. Happily for her, in the prison of Les Carmes this *rapio-tage*, or search after suspicious articles, was conducted more decently than at many of the other prisons. Still, the search was vigorous, and Virginie was outraged at the immodest way in which it was conducted. When at last she was told she could go, she found everything of value was detained, and not a pair of scissors or a needle was allowed her.

Virginie herself was conducted through some long corridors, which were close, stuffy, and pestilential, where she saw some men prisoners clad in shirt and trousers alone, without coat or stocking, looking dirty and neglected in person, a handkerchief around their ill-combed heads, while their bristly beards showed neglect and filth. They seemed hopeless and crestfallen, and gazed at Virginie with listless apathy. She could well imagine how easy it was to fall from such a state of despondency to one of melancholy madness.

The women's portion in the prison was on the other side of a small garden. She found there some five and twenty women; they were most of them ladies of family, but they were all so

saddened by these misfortunes that they too had grown to neglect their personal appearance. They were all clad in a loose body or *pierrot* of some coloured stuff with a simple skirt. Among them were some with pretensions to beauty, and one, with whom she afterwards struck up a great friendship, was singularly graceful and winning in her manner, and would have been quite beautiful but for her defective teeth. This lady was the wife, or rather the widow, of the unfortunate General Beauharnais.

The ladies made her welcome to their society, so that, had it not been that the discipline of the place reminded them of their imprisonment, had it not been the dread shadow of the guillotine saddened their thoughts, they might have imagined they were in some strict religious establishment. The windows of their rooms had been barred and filled up to prevent the occupants of the prison from holding any communication with the outside world, but, with the ingenuity of their sex, they had contrived a small aperture in the upper part of one window, by which they could catch a view of the street near the prison. Each by turn took post at this point of view to give intelligence to the others of what she saw. She was styled 'Sister Anne.'

With Virginie, in the same *cachot*, or cell, were Madame Beauharnais, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and another lady. On the 8th Thermidor the gaoler came into the cell and proceeded to take the mattress off the bed of Madame Beauharnais.

'Are you going to give her a better one?' asked Madame d'Aiguillon.

'Whom does the aristocrat address as "you"?' asked the man brutally.

'Why dost thou take the mattress?' asked the Duchess again.

'She will not need one. She goes to the Conciergerie, and to the guillotine shortly,' cried the man with a fiendish smile.

When he left the room Virginie burst into tears and embraced her friend. It was the first time her impending fate, and that of her companions, had been brought home to her, and although she had known Madame Beauharnais but a few days, she had learnt to love her, and the parting seemed terrible. To her surprise Madame Beauharnais was quite unmoved.

'Do not fear,' she said, 'I shall not be guillotined, I shall live to be Queen of France.'

Madame d'Aiguillon was much irritated.

'Queen of France!' she cried, 'why do you not then name your ladies in waiting?' she added sarcastically.

'Very true,' answered Madame Beauharnais. 'I name you, and Madame de la Beauce'; and then she told them of the prophecy of an old negress of the island of Martinique, where she was born, who had predicted she should live to be queen and something more! So firmly did she believe this that she had no dread of the guillotine.

---

## CHAPTER LVII.

### HOPE.

ON the same day the 'Sister Anne' reported that she saw a man wandering among the sentries placed to keep people from holding communication with the prisoners. Such things were of every-day occurrence. Sometimes it was a woman who so dared to expose herself to this chance of denunciation, sometimes a child. Most of the ladies in the prison were mothers of families, and it was thus they learnt from mute signs, hardly to be observed, that all was well, or otherwise, in the home from which they had been torn. On this occasion the watcher cried: 'A soldier, evidently fresh from the wars, grim and gaunt. Mesdames, who is he for?'

Virginie felt her heart leap within her. She ascended in the place of the watcher and recognised Jean. She managed to set her hand through the bar and wave her handkerchief slightly. She had been warned that more would be fatal to their secret, which would be infallibly discovered if any decided sign was perceived. Luckily, in spying through the bars, she saw that Jean had got the sentry into conversation, so that his back was to the prison while Jean could see her. The sentry was not far from the window. Could she hear what they were saying? If only her heart would not beat so violently. Yes! that was Jean's voice; intently listening she heard, 'We arrived from the war last night; all goes well.'

'*Sapristi*,' answered the sentry, 'I am not deaf.'

What Jean answered she could not hear, but as she placed her hand through the tiny aperture in the window, and then looked through, she saw him nod two or three times. She felt convinced he had seen her, and she knew La Beauce was in Paris.

That night, the 8th Thermidor, Virginie dreamed of her husband and Petit Jacques, nor did the hideous nightmare of the previous two nights once disturb her rest.

On the 9th Thermidor no Jean appeared. During the day the habitual quiet of the prison was being continually disturbed. Now it was the arrival of some new prisoner; now a mob demanding admission, led, they noticed, by a man named Crépin, evidently with an intention to 'Septembrise'; now the alarm guns, followed as usual by much ringing of bells and beating of drums; now shouts in the distance, then the voice of someone reading a proclamation. They were locked up earlier than usual. What could it all mean? These alarms continued all night. As morning broke they perceived something had happened. Madame Beauharnais was at the window, when she called Virginie to see the strange conduct of a woman in the street. Virginie recognised Louison. Her behaviour was most eccentric. She held up her dress and fluttered it in her hand. What could she mean?

'Robe?' shouted Madame Beauharnais.

Louison nodded and ducked with her usual vehemence of action. She then took up a stone and placed it in her lap.

'Pierre,' shouted Virginie.

Then Louison wrapped up the stone in her dress, and imitated the cutting off the head, after which she danced and clapped her hands.

This was the first notification the women had of the doings of the 9th Thermidor. But when they heard the gaoler, who always made his rounds accompanied by a huge dog, cry angrily: 'Get on, thou cursed Robespierre,' and kick him violently, they felt convinced that something had happened, and that their interpretation of Louison's pantomime was correct.

Rigorously imprisoned from the world, having no occupation, for sewing even was forbidden, it was no wonder that the ladies watched eagerly for every sign from the outer world.

Every change in the prison itself, the very behaviour of the gaolers, was interpreted favourably or the reverse. Were they polite, were the provisions unusually good—there was hope! Were they brutal and the prisoners ill-used—despair! So greatly was the government of Robespierre associated with misery and cruelty!

As the day grew older more signs were observed betokening a change. The surly *concierge* of Les Carmes winked at a relaxation of the discipline of the prison. The prisoners crowded to the roof, to

windows which they had not been allowed to approach, and from these places they could hear cries of delight. 'The tyrants rule no more; you will not die. Courage! courage!'

Thus hope had come to the prisoners unexpectedly. At first they doubted the truth of the joyous news, fearing that it was only a ruse of the bloodthirsty tyrants to enable them to fix the odious stigma of counter-revolution on those who dared to rejoice at the supposed death of good patriots. Such things had happened before and had been reported as 'a conspiracy in the prison.' But when the certainty of the good news was proved beyond all dispute, their joy knew no bounds, they danced and sung, they embraced, and some even swooned with delight.

Virginie herself was in a state of wild suspense. Would La Beauce come now? Nor had she long to wait. At ten o'clock two representatives of the Convention arrived at the prison, and with them was La Beauce himself, and not only he, but little Jacques too. Who shall describe her joy? With her boy on her knees and her husband's hand clasped in hers, it seemed sufficient for her to sit still and motionless in the certitude that these two were there. Jacques meanwhile literally blubbered with joy. He was pale and weak; he seemed to have shrunk in size since his incarceration. It was but three days, but three days of perfect anguish!

The two representatives made a kind of progress of mercy amongst the prisoners. To all they gave the assurance that their cases should be carefully inquired into, and that justice should be done to everyone. The poor fellows asked no more. Finally, when the two came to the women's quarters, and La Beauce, to whom they were personally known, presented Virginie to them, they gave her the assurance that she would be quickly liberated.

'Of course, madame,' they said, 'a promiscuous liberation is not to be thought of. It would rouse the suspicions of the people, and we have already suffered too much from that. We can only assure you that those in power are interested in your case, and in the meanwhile your detention here will cease to have the rigours of these latter days.'

Virginie did not forget the companions of her captivity, Madame Beauharnais, Madame Custine, and others. Tallien was working for the liberation of the first, and his success was assured. The others might also hope for a quick restoration of liberty.

So passed the 10th Thermidor. The prison was thronged with

eager visitors. The prisoners were allowed to receive provisions and clothes from their friends, and, in one day, a mighty change took place. The men were no longer sombre and despondent. They no longer neglected their appearance, but dressed in clothes conformable to their position. The prison resounded with joy and laughter, and even the horrible mephitic stench was lessened by the forcing of sundry windows and the admitting of fresh air. One day had done all this. The removal of a few men from power had given hope to thousands. Yet these men lived. Shall they have mercy who showed none? 'Death, death to the tyrants!' shouted those who had suffered from the shadow of death for days, weeks, and months. Nor did they feel quite safe till the execution of Robespierre on the 29th of July. Then, and only then, they felt thoroughly reassured.

It was however only on the 19th Thermidor, the 6th of August, that Virginie, her father, and her friend Madame Beauharnais, were set free. The rest of the prisoners were all congregated in the court-yard, through which their lucky companions had to pass, to bid them adieu. To those who still remained the liberation of these ladies was a hopeful sign, and as Virginie and her friend appeared they were received with applause and many heartfelt congratulations. At the door were two carriages: in one was La Beauce and Célimène, in the other a singularly handsome lad, the son of Josephine Beauharnais, Eugène by name. The two families thus freed at the same time embraced and promised a life-long friendship. It is to the credit of one of these ladies that she never forgot the friend who spent with her some of the most anxious days of an eventful life.

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## CHAPTER LVIII.

### AT THE CAFÉ AGAIN.

VIRGINIE and Jacques descended at the door of the Café de la Grande Nation, where they were received by quite a little crowd of neighbours. To have been confined as a 'suspect' and to have been restored to liberty, was as yet an unusual event in Paris. So, as Jacques and Virginie got out of the coach, there was much applause and embracing. Casting her eyes round, Virginie saw Jean Durand, who was keeping himself in the background, and, advancing to him, gave him her hand.

'I thank you, Jean,' she murmured. 'You are a true friend.'

Jean took her hand and raised it to his lips. Two great tears coursed down his rugged cheeks, tears of joy for the liberation of his dear mistress; but Jean could not have spoken if his life depended on it. Not so Louison. No sooner had Virginie descended than her voice was heard in the distance. She divided the little crowd who stood by, and throwing herself into her mistress's arms, gave her two hearty kisses.

'Thou art there, my angel mistress,' she cried. 'As I followed that demon Robespierre to his well-deserved death, I spoke my mind to him, did I not, my neighbours?' and in her pride she looked round on the crowd. 'It is true!' answered several. 'Ah!' she continued, 'then I knew I should see my precious mistress again. Praise be to God and the saints, whom one may invoke now without favour from M. Robespierre.'

Here La Beauce brought up a rough, soldierly looking man, whom he introduced as his good friend Tamplin, and, the party being complete, they entered the house together.

One pale face they had not remarked in their joy, nor did the squalid individual to whom it belonged seek recognition. Her eyes, full of tears, and her emaciated features moved by much emotion, her hands were clasped, and those by heard her whisper, 'It is well that sin at least is not on his head.' It was Annette Pinard!

The party at Jacques's that afternoon was of the happiest. Their happiness was of that quiet order that is not demonstrative, except in the case of one individual, Jacques le Blanc. He was wild in his hilarity, so loud and feverish was his talk that Virginie eyed him with anxiety, and more than once Célimène laid her hand on his arm and tried to calm him. Soon M. Aubert, clad in his dress as member of the Convention, came to congratulate them, and with him he brought the proper authority to remove the official seals that had been fixed on every place capable of concealing papers. The good advocate seemed much moved at seeing the happy family. He informed them that the château had been saved by Jacques's help, but that he advised them to wait in Paris for a time before they took up their abode in their old home. The Comte knew nothing of this matter and demanded an explanation; then Aubert, notwithstanding the vehement exhortations of Jacques, told the whole story. La Beauce at once embraced Jacques, who stood blushing like a schoolboy detected in some boyish delinquency.

'M. le Comte,' he murmured, producing his favourite bandanna, the want of which had been one of the principal hardships from which he suffered at Les Carmes, 'see you, the knowledge that this had been saved for the boy'—here he placed his hand fondly on little Jacques's head—'the knowledge that all this, that the Le Blancs have been putting by for ages, would not go to the *scélérats* who placed us in prison, was the only thing that kept me from going mad down there. And now it seems to me I shall go mad with joy unless I do something. Pierre,' he cried, 'come with me my boy, and let us concoct something to take the prison fare from my mouth; something worthy of these gentlemen and the occasion.' And the good fellow bustled out and shortly reappeared in his *chef's* dress. 'I ask pardon, M. le Comte,' he said, 'but I feel comfortable in nothing else; once a *chef* always a *chef*. There are some seasonings the taste of which cannot be concealed; they will out, and if they are not liked so much, the worse for those who have to eat them.' This was said with a glance at Tamplin, who was the only stranger present.

'—,' cried Tamplin with an oath that made Virginie jump. 'Pardon, madame,' he added, 'if I shock you. Maître Jacques, if thou dost not justice to thy reputation, by all the rogues in the Paris prisons I'll come and cook my own dinner, for I was a cook myself at one period of my life before I became a coarse, lady-frightening soldier.' Here Tamplin stroked his moustache and looked sideways at Célimène.

'Thy swearing,' said Célimène with a laugh, 'is like the rattle of the hailstones against the window panes: it hurts not those inside the house, who can afford to laugh at the noise without feeling the smart. For those under thee it may be different.'

'—,' again swore Tamplin.

'Enough,' cried Célimène, putting her hands to her ears in pretended fright. 'I fear the windows will break.'

These two seemed to take a delight in measuring their wit. Célimène enjoyed Tamplin's simple nature, which no society polish had as yet deprived of its rough edge of originality, and she could draw him out much as she did 'Père Jacques.'

To Virginie, Tamplin was studiously polite, and it must be owned that in her society he did not show to advantage, but with Célimène it was different. With her it was easy to converse, and the shrewd common-sense that raised the man above his fellows bubbled forth in his talk with this laughing girl, while

Virginie's calmness seemed to chill him into the commonest platitudes. To watch the two women, as did the silently observant M. Aubert that afternoon, no one could have supposed that it was the laughing Célimène that could boast of the bluest blood, and that the queen-like and serene Virginie was the plebeian!

Jacques's dinner was excellent, in spite of the excuses that worthy made for it. 'A whole fortnight away, and my hand seems already to have lost something!' cried he. 'It is true that time was wanting, but,' said he sorrowfully, 'I am painfully aware of the fact that that sauce leaves much to be desired!' In vain everyone praised, in vain Tamplin humbled himself before the *cordons bleus*, Jacques was discontented. Petted by Célimène, praised by everyone, the poor fellow was restless and miserable. When the repast was finished, when he had finished his fourth bumper of favourite Burgundy, Jacques cleared his throat and commenced.

'M. le Comte——'

'What!' cried La Beauce. 'Why all this ceremony, my good father-in-law. Do we not owe everything to thee? Do not, then, shame me by this want of confidence. Am I not thy son, as Virginie is thy daughter?' and La Beauce took Jacques's honest hand and pressed it.

'Ah, my good son-in-law,' cried Jacques quite overcome, 'how glad I am to see thee happy with my Virginie and the boy.'

'And me, I hope,' interrupted Célimène.

'And thee, *ma petite poule*.'

'He always talks of me as though he would like to serve me with *sauce piquante*.'

'And why not? Am I anything but a simple cook? Not that thou wantest anything more piquant than thy tongue. But that's the point. M. le—pardon,—my son-in-law, what I would say, but that I have been interrupted, is this: What of the future? It is inconsistent with the position of father-in-law to M.—pardon—to my son-in-law, to keep a café and appear in this garb. And yet how can I live without my occupation? What therefore is to be done? It was all very well when the tyranny of those in power made it necessary to keep the identity of—of my son-in-law—secret, but now all that will be changed.'

'Changed?' cried Tamplin eagerly; 'things have changed, my dear Maître Jacques. Aristocracy is no more. We may honour a man from the memory of his ancestors, as I honour M. le Comte, but that is all. As a class apart, the nobles no longer exist in France. Who would submit again to what we have freed ourselves

from by these last four years? I myself say fearlessly, I would go through those four years again, I would risk my life willingly, rather than that state of thing should recur.'

Tamplin spoke with great eagerness and warmth. They all looked at La Beauce to see what he would reply.

'My dear Tamplin,' said he calmly, 'your words are prompted by a worthy feeling for liberty. The difference between class and class has been levelled. It can never again be raised. It could only exist in a feeling of mutual respect and confidence between those classes. The nobles have proved themselves, I grieve to say, unworthy of the trust reposed in them. They and their privileges have been destroyed. The people, too, have somewhat shaken the belief held in their justice and truth by the followers of Jean Jacques. What then is to be done? Let us all strive to bind together what remains of that France for which thou and I have fought. Let us forget and forgive the past. Let us acknowledge that those who have the bluest blood and those who have no ancestry can alike have the qualities necessary for a man. That honest toil no more degrades a man than idleness elevates him. That thou, my dear father-in-law, art as much a noble amid thy pots and pans, as I am, who idly eat the results of thy labour. I speak not in thy case alone, my good friend. Such have always been my sentiments, and in these last years, during which I have seen so much to admire among those whom my fellows, with ill-placed prejudice, would have despised, I am but strengthened in my former opinion. Let the *émigrés* learn this and they will be welcome back to France, but until they do learn it, I, for one, will fight to exclude them, since their return would only tend to plunge us again in what, I trust, we have now seen the last of.'

'I trust so too,' said M. Aubert; 'but, alas! living as I do in the midst of political intrigues, I fear much has yet to be gone through before we can settle down, if ever we can do so,' added the worthy man with a sigh.

'And,' cried La Beauce, 'if thou, Père Jacques, dost not immediately open thy café, by the souls of all those ancestors whose remembrance seems to inspire thee with awe, I, their representative, swear to leave thy roof and never to feast at thy expense again. And, for mercy's sake, do not oblige me by thy obstinacy to keep my oath, for I love thy pomps and works as much as I do thy honest, simple self.' And here La Beauce rose and embraced poor Jacques, who could only stand speechless brandishing his handkerchief.

'Grand-père,' cried Petit Jacques running to him, 'why dost thou cry? Father and Jean and the Major are here now, and they will prevent any wicked people taking thee and *petite mère* from Petit Jacques, who loves you.'

Jacques seized the little fellow and smothered him with kisses.

'Leave me!' cried the boy, 'thou hast drenched me.'

It was with tears.

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## CHAPTER LIX.

### THE REACTION.

So the Café de la Grande Nation once more opened its doors; once more Master Jacques appeared in his spotless white garb; once more his voice was heard enforcing discipline, and scolding in no measured terms those who were lax in doing their duty.

The public crowded to his café, for Jacques found he had acquired a vast popularity from the fact that he and his daughter had seen the inside of a prison during the Terror, and had escaped to tell the tale.

In this success Virginie played a conspicuous part, though entirely without intention. It happened that Madame Beauharnais, with whom she had formed a sincere friendship in the prison of Les Carmes, was a friend of Madame Tallien, and this latter was the leader of fashion, besides being the wife of the most influential man among the Thermidoreans. These two ladies, who, like all the rest of Paris, were bent on enjoying life, came naturally to the Café de la Nation, and after them crowded their followers.

Had Virginie felt inclined to join in the wild excitement of the reaction she could have easily done so. Madame Tallien was most pressing in her invitations to her parties, but Virginie only went once to these gatherings of the *élite* of the then society of Paris. It must be owned that the excitement produced by the brilliantly lighted rooms, and the beauty of the scene, being new, at first delighted her. She was not really vain of her beauty, and valued it solely from the influence it enabled her to exercise on everyone she came in contact with. There was nothing mean in her nature. She knew she had no uncommon talents except in music. When she contrasted her knowledge and power of mind with the knowledge and talents of her husband, she was forced to admit her inferiority. In the self-examination she had acquired

as a habit at the convent, she had often acknowledged this to herself. But her beauty gave her an advantage she had also quickly perceived. When, therefore, she found herself received with distinction by Madame Tallien, when she heard the whisper of inquiry that followed her across the room, she could not help feeling a thrill of pleasure. But as the men of the new court, the *élite* of the *jeunesse dorée*, crowded round her and plied her with their stupid compliments, she could not but contrast these sillily dressed, pretentious creatures with the ideals she had formed at the convent, or with the quiet superiority of her own husband. She looked around for that husband, and when she found him in his simple uniform, both he and his friend Tamplin looked like heroes compared to the mountebanks around them. Tallien himself she found pompous and sententious, and the other Thermidoreans seemed good, honest fellows without a spark of genius. She felt they were dull compared with the gay and sprightly Desmoulins, to whom she had so often listened, nor could she find in them the intense personality of Danton, whom she had never liked, knowing the part he played in the September massacres, but in whom she recognised a man.

She was persuaded by her new friends to go to one of the public balls which had become the fashion. It was called the *Bal Thelusson*, from its being held in the Hôtel Thelusson at the corner of the Rue Cerutti. In the reaction from the Terror all differences seemed forgotten, Jacobinism was alone excluded, royalists and moderates here met to laugh and dance. Here was Madame Tallien, looking very beautiful with her hair in short, glossy black curls, *à la Titus* it was called, dressed like the Venus of the Capitole in a simple robe of Indian muslin, draped to imitate a statue, and fastened at each shoulder by a cameo brooch. A golden girdle circled her waist, also fastened by a cameo, while a bracelet of gold gathered up her sleeves nearly to the shoulders, and left her splendid arms bare. Here, too, was Madame Beauharnais, most graceful of women, with her pretty young daughter, and Madame Hamelin, who struck Virginie as being badly made and plain, but who was so good a dancer that all the young men of the day at once crowded round her to beseech her to honour them! And what young men! M. de Trenis, M. Charles Dupaty, M. Laffitte, and the rest whose sole vocation in life was to dance! These, and many others, had suddenly sprung forth, and were the delight of society. Where had they been during the Terror? Where could they dance then? But during the re-

action every one danced, so Virginie found herself pestered with invitations on account of her beauty. She refused however, as dancing was an art she had never cared to acquire at the convent at Chartres. Célimène, being of a brighter disposition, readily consented to honour one young gentleman, and acquitted herself so well that M. de Trenis himself was heard to declare that with careful training she might hope to excel.

‘Only,’ said that great authority to Madame Beauharnais, who afterwards reported the conversation to Virginie, ‘she should be careful whom she honours with her hand. The man she danced with was beneath contempt, a mere clown. Mademoiselle Hortense, your daughter, has acquired from me the true style. Alas! there are few that can aspire to excellence nowadays!’

The *affaire* Pinard had been necessarily delayed by the events of the 9th Thermidor. But as soon as matters were settled Carnot quickly inquired into the matter. Pinard, however, could not be found, and the judgment of Carnot entirely exonerated La Beauce and his Major. This accusation having fallen through, it was pointed out that the country required the services of its citizens, and that the Colonel of the 7<sup>me</sup> and his Major must return to the war. La Beauce was not sorry to leave Paris. No doubt it was distressing to him to bid farewell to Virginie and his boy. Had he been able to find some occupation he would have been happy, but there was nothing but politics in Paris, and politics, which meant intrigue and chicanery, were so distasteful to him that he found himself forced to lead a life of intolerable idleness. Virginie acknowledged the justice of his decision. She perceived the same look of listless *ennui* in her husband that she had seen in the spring of the year 1793, and she again had the heroism to approve of his resuming his military duties.

In the month of September 1794, La Beauce, Tamplin, an Jean departed once more. The Major, though eager to return to his regiment, went away with a sore heart. He had been received into the La Beauce family, and had grown to look upon it as his home; and Célimène had smiled upon him. The gallant Major had all the modesty of a true hero. He admired Mademoiselle Célimène de la Rosière more than any woman he had ever met. On the night of the entertainment at Madame Tallien’s he had said to his Colonel on their return home:

‘My friend, there were many handsome women over there. Madame Tallien is no doubt as beautiful as a queen; yet, to my taste, she cannot hold a candle to madame your wife.’

‘Or Mademoiselle Célimène?’ said La Beauce, with a smile.

‘I do not mention her,’ cried Tamplin, eagerly. ‘Can any of these monsters of affectation presume to compare themselves with the simplicity and grace of Mademoiselle Célimène? What are they with their elaborate classical toilettes and their hair dressed *en victime*? They have already forgotten those for whom they make themselves so ridiculous. M. Robespierre was a man of penetration. He took care to destroy all those worth their salt, and has only left us a lot of grimacing imbeciles, who have only the moral weight of so many butterflies. In all that crowd there was only madame and Mademoiselle Célimène who had the good taste to be natural. Ah, *mon colonel*, we are different in the army!’

When they took their leave he had said to Virginie, who, with Célimène, had gone to see them off: ‘Leave the Colonel to Jean and me. I always wondered at the devotion of friend Jean. Now there are two of us. I enlist myself in the same cause. Have then no fear.’ As he kissed Virginie’s hand, she smiled even through her tears. She had penetration enough to perceive that his friendship for his colonel, which was genuine, had not been augmented by any great affection for the colonel’s wife, but that it was Célimène who attracted this rough soldier.

‘I am sure you will watch over him for all our sakes,’ she said. ‘Both Célimène and myself will be very dull without you, and we will think of you and pray for you during your absence.’

Tamplin wore such a comical expression as he looked at Célimène, that that young lady, who was, in fact, on the point of tears, burst into a merry peal of laughter. If Tamplin had acquired any knowledge of the character of women, he would have known how much of the hysteric there was in this laughter. As it was he was hurt.

‘What! mademoiselle, am I always to excite your laughter?’ he said in an offended tone.

‘There was something so droll in thy look of pious resignation, Citoyen Tamplin,’ laughed Célimène, relapsing at the same time into the Republican second person singular, which they had dropped lately in favour of the old, more polite, and less familiar plural.

‘Thinkest thou I have no religion?’ asked Tamplin.

‘Yes! doubtless thou believest in some supreme being, such as that of M. Robespierre. Possibly in thy case he may be Mars, God of War.’

Tamplin twirled his moustache and looked at the bewitching

girl, then, with the timid air of an awkward schoolboy, he took her hand, and said :

‘Anyhow, I believe in thee.’

‘I thank thee,’ blurted out Célimène. ‘I would have thee believe in someone more capable of protecting thee in the war.’

‘Thou carest, then, that I be protected?’ asked Tamplin, regaining some confidence.

‘I never said so,’ answered the girl.

They were standing in the yard from whence started the great awkward diligence which was to take La Beauce and the other two to the frontier. The Comte and Virginie were occupied with their own leave-taking, in the background were Jean and Louison, therefore it was that for the moment these two were alone. Tamplin looked round as though for support. There was no one within ear-shot. Making a huge effort, he said :

‘I am certain thou dost care for me—for I shall think of thee each moment I am away. In the days of weariness, marching, and fighting, in the long nights of discomfort and wearied unrest, thy form and face will appear to cheer me. Laugh as thou wilt, thou canst not help that, mademoiselle, for thy name is writ here,’ and he placed his hand on his heart.

The expression on Célimène’s pretty little face at that moment, as she looked up at Tamplin, was that of a little child who does not know whether to laugh or cry. Tamplin would have given worlds to have pressed his lips to her rosy, pouting mouth, to have kissed away the pretty tear which was gathering to her eye, and giving it an expression of infinite tenderness. ‘It is for La Beauce, no doubt,’ thought the modest warrior. At that moment the *conducteur* of the diligence cried ‘En route!’ and Tamplin, having let the favourable moment slip, was forced to content himself with Célimène’s hand.

‘Adieu, mademoiselle,’ he said, pressing the soft palm. ‘Thou wilt think sometimes of me, whatever thou sayest now,’ and as Célimène answered nothing, Tamplin boldly pressed his lips to her rosy fingers, and marched to the diligence twisting his moustache with as set an expression of face as though he were leading a forlorn hope.

Virginie, little Jacques, Célimène, and Louison crowded round the vehicle in the *coupé* of which La Beauce and Tamplin took their places. The last adieux were said, the driver cracked his whip, the horses snorted and strained, and away clattered the carriage.

Célimène's eyes were full of tears now. She was holding the knot of ribbons she had worn on the front of her dress in her hands. 'Art thou an idiot?' cried Louison, and seizing the ribbons from her hand she dashed after the diligence, and threw them through the window to Tamplin. Then she retired to the other two with even greater triumph in her face than when she had performed the greatest deed of her life, and roused the dying Robespierre.

Tamplin, recognising the ribbons, seized them, and fixing a terrible look on La Beauce as much as to say, 'Just you dare to forbid me, and——' proceeded to place them inside his military tunic.

For some time the friends did not utter a word. Tamplin occasionally cast an inquiring look at the Comte, but he found him so wrapt in thought that he did not like to disturb him. The fact was, *he* was dying to talk of Célimène, while La Beauce was entirely absorbed in his own love. It was the latter who spoke first, and it was dread as to the future of those he loved that caused him to break silence.

'My friend,' he said, 'there is only one thing we have left undone in Paris, and that is we have failed to unearth that scoundrel Pinard.'

Tamplin, who was thinking of something else he ought to have done, and with his hand in his breast was squeezing Célimène's ribbons in the absence of the merry owner, answered abstractedly:

'*Diable*—yes! That was a mistake.'

'Jean tried all he could to find him, but he has disappeared. I trust he may not again be able to work mischief to Virginie.'

'Or to Mademoiselle Célimène,' said Tamplin, speaking with great energy.

La Beauce looked at his friend with a smile. 'Or to Célimène,' he said. 'By the way, thou wast talking to her very earnestly just now. What didst thou say?'

'Nothing,' said Tamplin shortly.

'Thou couldst not have said less,' said the Comte, with difficulty restraining his great desire to laugh, on seeing the almost savage expression on his friend's face.

Now Tamplin who had been dying the last hour to talk of Célimène, felt an absolute impossibility to speak. It was, perhaps, that whereas he would have talked by the hour of Célimène herself, he found it a different thing to talk of himself in his

relation with her, possibly from the consciousness of the want of enterprise on his part. For, as he remembered those cherry lips and those tearful eyes, he could not but accuse himself of moral cowardice.

So these two journeyed to the wars. Nor did they complete their journey before Tamplin had overcome his bashfulness and owned to La Beauce his love for his cousin.

‘Thou art a good fellow,’ said the Comte, ‘and I see no reason why thou shouldst not succeed; but I warn thee, Célimène has little or no *dot*.’

‘What does that matter?’ cried Tamplin. ‘I have my sword, and with that I will make enough for both.’

As they journeyed through France they were astonished to find what a change had come over the towns. No more inquisitive Jacobins were to be seen brutally inquiring into the character of each traveller, but civil functionaries, who were particularly polite to the *messieurs* of the army. But they also heard reports of the vengeance taken by the people on the ‘terrorists.’ The guillotine was still there for the guillotiners, and further south they heard, when that worked too slowly, the wholesale massacres of Carrier and Collot d’Herbois were imitated with fearful closeness. It made them sad to think of the lives so lost—lives that, had they been employed in the defence of the country, would have long since hurled the invaders back, and made them sue for peace.

Carnot, at La Beauce’s particular request, had reappointed the two friends to the 7<sup>me</sup>, and when they rejoined the army under Pichegru, the reception accorded to them by their fellow soldiers was most enthusiastic. They found the confusion of the events of the 9th Thermidor had been felt even in the army, and that there had been but little fighting. During the autumn and winter, however, there was no lack of work. The army was in rags, there was hardly a good shoe to be found in a regiment, yet, so great was the enthusiasm of all, that they took town after town, and making a winter campaign, during the hardest weather known for years, crossed rivers on the hard ice, and overran the whole country. A body of cavalry under the command of La Beauce, with some flying artillery continuing the march, crossed the Zuyder Zee on the ice, and galloping to Texel, actually summoned the fleet to surrender! The fame of this exploit has reached our own times. It is the first, as it probably will be the last time, cavalry was employed for naval enterprise. During this severe campaign La Beauce suffered much in his health. So

poorly did he become, that at last it was deemed necessary to order him back to Paris to recruit.

Meanwhile the café had been flourishing. Every day crowds of visitors had thronged to Jacques's hospitable tables, nor did the famine impending interfere with his prosperity. Jacques had faced more than one famine. He knew all the tricks of his profession. He had money at his command, and laid in a good store of flour beforehand, so while provisions were portioned out to the inhabitants of Paris, and even well-to-do families had to seek tickets to entitle them to the miserable dole of a few ounces of bread per head; Jacques managed that there should be always excellent cheer to be found at his café on paying for it. But the payment was frequently a difficulty. Money was scarce, and *assignats* had fallen so in value that one louis-d'or fetched 28,000 francs' worth of Republican paper, and Jacques was on one occasion obliged to change 60,000 francs in *assignats* for one dinner for five persons! It was this that fairly broke the poor man's heart. He, like his ancestors, had been in the habit of putting by his hard cash 'against a bad season.' Now this paper money beat him. With its eternal fluctuations in value it kept his head in a constant state of whirl. In the evening he would fairly break down and, with his head on his hand, shed bitter tears.

'How is an honest man to get on?' he would cry. 'Five thousand francs for a *gigot*, and forty francs for one candle! These *assignats* are verily the work of the devil!'

In vain Virginie and Célimène tried to console him. His constitution was evidently breaking. The fortnight in prison had tried him too greatly, and his nerves, never of the strongest, were quite upset. He would on these evenings be quite childish, until Célimène, who somehow understood him better than Virginie, would by petting and coaxing him persuade him to go to bed. Then, after his night's rest, he would the next day appear resolute and strong, and bravely go through his trials only to break down again in the evening.

Virginie herself resumed her duties at the *comptoir*. Though people knew she was a *comtesse*, she felt it would be a meanness not to help her father in his failing health and difficulties. After all, if she was a *comtesse*, she was also the daughter of a *traiteur*. The gay youths who frequented the café always saluted her now as 'Madame la Comtesse,' and offered her their homage with all the absurd rigmarole common to the day. They

were wont to compare themselves to Brutus and Scipio, these gilded dandies. Of their stern Roman patriotism there might be some doubt, but they certainly gave proof of their turbulent courage. Armed with a heavily knobbed stick, which seemed to be the only warlike part of their garb, these effeminate-looking creatures took a delight in hunting down Jacobins, and acquiring courage by success, attacked and finally succeeded in shutting up the famous Jacobin Club. Had not Billaud de Varennes in this very Jacobin Club said, 'The lion is not dead when he sleeps, and at his waking he will exterminate his enemies'? 'Death to the Jacobins,' then, was the response; 'let there be no waking.'

But Virginie only saw the effeminate side of these youths, and to her it was very distasteful to be ogled and flattered by such men. Célimène, on the contrary, went more with the times. She had a quick reply always ready for the impertinences of the Muscadins. Her nimble tongue was ever ready, and while the more serious Virginie could with difficulty restrain the expression of her disgust, her merry companion would rout the aggressor, and cover him with that kind of ridicule which was most difficult for a Frenchman, or indeed any man, to bear.

It was a curious fact that during the Terror, when there was danger to any one connected by birth with the hated aristocrats, Virginie did not realise the peril run by the Comte at the war. But now, when some comparative safety was assured to all, she trembled each day for her husband. At the news of the taking of this town, or the crossing of that river, she grew pale. And when the winter set in with unusual severity, when the streets of Paris were deep in snow and slippery with frost, and she heard, nevertheless, that the army was fighting and marching in the midst of snow and ice, her fears became almost intolerable. News came but seldom from Holland, and though it is commonly said 'No news is good news,' the anxious wife can with difficulty be convinced of the truth of the proverb. Therefore poor Virginie, constantly harassed by the troubles of her father, and secretly anxious for the safety of her husband, spent a terrible winter. While all Paris was shouting at the achievements of the army, and especially of the cavalry, Virginie was in the greatest alarm for her husband's health. In truth, every woman realises with greater ease the effects of climate on health than the dangers from bullets and cannon balls, of which, of course, they have less experience. When at last she received a letter from Tamplin to tell her that the Colonel was really ill, she was with

difficulty prevented from starting at once for Holland to nurse him. In agony she awaited each mail. It seemed hard to think of him wanting, perchance, careful nursing, and she living in comfort and idleness at home. Soon, however, she heard that he was better, but that it was thought advisable for him to return to Paris, and that, accompanied by the faithful Jean, he was already on his way home. Carnot came himself to assure her that there was no danger, that the Colonel only wanted rest, and that a short stay in Paris would enable him to resume his duties with the superior rank of general, which was shortly to be conferred upon him. Nevertheless Virginie was not reassured, and worked herself up to a perfect fever of apprehension at the possible consequences of the long journey during the severe weather.

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## CHAPTER LX.

### A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

ON the day the news of the approaching return of La Beauce and Jean reached the anxious household, Célimène entered unexpectedly the den appropriated to the household duties of Louison. She discovered that excellent woman in tears.

‘What!’ cried Célimène, ‘for shame, Louison, wouldst thou add to the anxieties of thy mistress?’

‘It is idiotic,’ cried Louison, and she tried to conceal something she had held in her hand in the ample folds of her apron.

But Célimène, sharp as a needle, had seen it and darted on her prey.

‘No!’ cried Louison, ‘thou shalt not have it.’ Célimène’s quick hand caught the precious object. It was a tricolor cockade, such as was worn by the soldiers of the Republic.

‘What!’ cried Célimène, ‘hast thou a soldier for a lover?’

‘And what if I have?’ cried Louison. ‘Am I to be wiser than my betters?’ and she cast a look of defiance at Célimène that brought a tell-tale blush to her cheeks. ‘Ah, Jean! There’s a man for thee,’ she cried.

‘What! Our Jean?’ laughed Célimène. ‘And does he love thee?’ she asked.

‘Who knows?’

‘But, my good Louison, has he said nothing to thee?’

‘Not a word. It is for that I love him. He thinks never of himself. Ah! that is a man!’ and Louison, in the excitement of her affection, kissed the cockade, which Célimène had returned to her, with rapture.

‘Did he give it to thee?’ asked Célimène.

‘Not even that—I stole it. I made one like it, and, pretending his hat wanted mending, I changed the cockade. He never found out the difference, not he. But I know he bears something of mine about with him wherever he goes, and I have this to console me. Ah, mademoiselle, what a man!’

‘Thou art right,’ said Célimène softly. ‘He is a good man, and he is coming home,’ she added with a sigh as she remembered Tamplin was still at the wars.

Louison was quick to sympathise.

‘Never fear,’ she said. ‘Thine is a good man too. My Jean is full of his praise. He shall come back to thee in due time.’

So was there a confidence between these two, who daily comforted each other by talking of their absent heroes.

At length, in the commencement of March, La Beauce and Jean arrived. The invalid was already much better, but of course still pale and feeble. Virginie took immediate and entire charge of him. She surrounded him so completely with her cares that she was jealous of anyone approaching him. Jean was alone allowed to do his duties round the Colonel, and it was with him, rather than with La Beauce himself, that Virginie consulted in tending her husband; for Jean knew the Comte’s every want, and in truth the Colonel was but an indifferent patient, and, like all men who have enjoyed excellent health, resented being treated as an invalid.

The merry Célimène was close in her watchings of Jean and Louison. The courtship of these two afforded her infinite amusement. Louison received her lover with boisterous demonstration. She waited on him, she anticipated his every want. But though Célimène cross-examined her on everything Jean had said, she never could discover that he had addressed a single word of encouragement to the love-sick damsel. When Louison was particularly active in getting something required by the ‘Colonel,’ Jean would growl ‘Thou art a good girl;’ but however attentive she was in supplying his own wants, he never seemed to notice her attentions.

‘It is not encouraging,’ remarked Célimène.

‘Leave us alone! I understand him. He is now too occupied with monsieur and madame. The time will come when he will see, and then all will be right.’

The Comte de la Beauce quickly recovered his health. Before long he could take his place at the café, where he made the acquaintance of many of the frequenters. Amongst these were several military men, who were naturally curious as to the campaign in Flanders and Holland, and sought La Beauce’s society as a good authority. He had many interviews with Carnot, who was loud in his praise, and now insisted on his accepting the grade of general conferred on him for his services. The Comte was loath to leave the 7<sup>me</sup>, and would have steadily refused promotion, but that he considered Tamplin deserved to succeed him; indeed, he made it a condition of his acceptance that the Major should be appointed to the colonelcy.

‘You are an exception, my good friend,’ said Carnot with a smile. ‘I have a great deal more difficulty in persuading you to accept promotion, than I have in refusing it to the numbers who are always pestering me for it.’

With one frequenter of the café La Beauce always delighted in conversing. He was a small, dark-complexioned man, thin in the face, with deep-set grey eyes of singular power. Very negligent in his dress, his large military boots were indifferently cleaned, and his hair, which he wore plastered on each side of his face in what were called *oreilles de chien*, very carelessly arranged and powdered. He wore no gloves, saying they were an unnecessary expense, and his hands, to which later in life he paid the greatest attention, being very proud of their beauty, were at this time brown and neglected. This man’s name was Napoleon Buonaparte. He was well known to military men from the prominent part he had taken in the siege and capture of Toulon. He was already a general, but his name had been erased from the list of general officers, and he was in disgrace with the governing party. He was full of plans and schemes; he talked of going to Constantinople and taking service with the Turks amongst other things. ‘Here,’ he said, ‘no man has a chance of reaching eminence without having to bow before a lot of *avocats* who, by mere talking, have raised themselves to eminence.’ The *jeunesse dorée* particularly raised his anger. ‘See those empty-brained idiots,’ he cried, pointing to two who were passing mounted on magnificent horses, and dressed in the usual extravagant fashion. ‘They can afford to spend fortunes on their amusement while the people starve, and

even superior persons, like myself and Junot here, have hardly enough to keep life together.' He was particularly bitter in his disgrace. 'It is terrible to think of me, a young man, with everything to hope in the future, and yet with a career broken at its very commencement. At twenty-six,' he cried, striking the table. 'Ah, Salicetti and you other brigands, you have much to account for!'

Buonaparte and his companion and aide-de-camp, Junot, were soon welcome at La Beauce's table, where Virginie put up with his occasional bursts of bad humour, and even arrogance, knowing well the cause he had for this want of temper. He was at times like a spoilt child, so petulant and capricious did he show himself. But on military subjects he was always full of information, and Virginie, having made La Beauce give an account of the taking of the fleet at Texel one evening, never forgot the expression of his eyes.

'What a moment!' he cried. What a chance! Ah, my friend, you should be proud of that feat. Would they had been English ships.' Here he got up and paced the room with impatience. 'And these things are done by my countrymen every day, while I am denied permission to share in the glory! Yet in vain do they keep me back. My star will conquer in the end!'

As he stood thus before her he looked sublime, nor in after life could Virginie wonder at the wonderful power and personal ascendancy he acquired over the minds of his contemporaries, remembering these moments of intense exaltation.

One day there entered the café a small, brisk, pale-faced man: his eyes were very bright, and he seemed young, though his face was thin and care-worn. Having saluted Virginie and Célimène, he took his place at a table, whence he could see them without appearing rude. Virginie had been attracted by a certain yearning look in this man's face, and had thought to herself, 'There is one who has suffered greatly during the Terror.' It was no unusual sight in those days of reaction to see these men, whose long incarceration had made them prematurely old. From time to time Virginie glanced towards the table where this man sat, and always she found his eyes fixed upon her.

The man had ordered some very simple refreshment, so simple that the *patron* Jacques had not troubled himself about him. But after his meal was finished, the man still sat on and waited, furtively watching Virginie. At length, most of the customers having completed their midday meal, Jacques, getting impatient

for his own *déjeuner*, was eyeing the stranger with no friendly look, when the man beckoned to Pierre and paid his small bill.

‘I beg pardon,’ said the small man. ‘Is the lady at the *comptoir* the daughter of M. le Blanc.’

‘*Mais oui, monsieur*,’ said Pierre, briskly clearing the table as a hint to the stranger that he ought to retire.

‘And how is she named?’ asked he.

‘Madame de la Beauce,’ answered Pierre, eyeing the stranger with suspicion.

The small man sat on quietly watching Virginie, till she, too, began to gather up her things and prepare to retire with Jacques. He then started up, and seizing his hat and stick advanced to her with a low bow.

‘I must beg you a thousand pardons,’ said he with a singularly sweet voice. ‘I have a sad mission to fulfil.’ He paused.

‘Monsieur would speak with me?’ asked Virginie.

‘Madame,’ said the stranger, ‘I would not, believe me, do or say anything to cause you a moment’s grief; but I had a sad commission from one who is no more——’ here he paused again.

Virginie grew pale—she almost knew from whom this man came. At that moment Jacques bustled up.

‘What does monsieur want?’ he asked, some suspicion lurking in his politeness.

‘Monsieur, my message would seem to interest you too. It was from one I learnt to love, as, indeed, he deserved to be loved, for he was a brave, good man—Charles Rousselet.’

It was Jacques who grew pale now. In his agitation he seized the stranger by the arm.

‘Come with us,’ he cried. ‘Come, Virginie. So you knew my dear friend Rousselet?—and I had no suspicion. Ah! *le brave homme*! But come—you must tell us all—all.’ So, midst his tears, Jacques dragged Riouffe, for it was he, through the door that led to their private apartment and up the stairs, and introduced him into the little *salon*, where he found La Beauce, rather astonished at the abrupt entry of his father-in-law and a stranger.

‘Ah, M. le Comte,’ cried Jacques. ‘He comes from Rousselet, my poor friend.’

‘Any friend of Rousselet’s is welcome here,’ said the Comte as he held out his hand.

Virginie and Célimène having joined them, Riouffe found himself placed in the centre of the little family, overwhelmed with questions from the impetuous Jacques, who only paused to

wipe his eyes, and blow his nose. Virginie placed her hand on her father's arm.

'Father,' she said, 'would it not be better to let monsieur speak?'

'How,' cried Jacques. 'It is what I have been wanting all this time.'

'You said, monsieur, that you knew Rousselet,' said Virginie in a soft voice. 'It must have been at the Conciergerie then.'

'Madame,' answered Riouffe, 'you have divined truly. My name is Riouffe, a name of no celebrity, which you have certainly never heard. I was a friend of the Girondins, and for that reason consigned to a prison, where I have lingered for over a year. But it is not of myself I would talk, but of him.'

Riouffe then gave them an account of Rousselet's incarceration, of his trial, and the confidence he had reposed in him. As he talked, his words seemed to find their way straight to the hearts of his listeners. He spoke of Rousselet's heroism, of the love he, Riouffe, bore him, but, above all, of the singular disregard that he showed for his own life, and the joy with which he seemed to meet his death. 'Madame,' he said as he finished, 'he made me no confidence, he but told me to come here. I have therefore come to tell you that your name and that of his old friend,' here Riouffe bowed towards Jacques, 'were the last words he uttered as he left us, and that I am certain his last thoughts were of you. To have gained the love of such a man shows in you qualities that I can well admire, and in discharging his last wish, I may perhaps have the selfish hope that I, too, may be thought worthy of occupying some share of the esteem so justly shown to my poor friend.'

Riouffe paused. His audience were deeply moved. Jacques, whose face was entirely hid behind his handkerchief, but whose sobs were distinctly audible, blurted out:

'Oh, the noble fellow! Ah, my brave Rousselet!'

'Monsieur Riouffe,' said La Beauce, 'you can have no idea what we owe that man. That he saved my life was nothing to his unselfish sacrifice he made of his own to shield us.'

But Virginie, with stately gesture, gave Riouffe her hand. 'I thank you,' she said softly with her eyes filled with tears. Riouffe, as he raised her hand to his lips, felt the fingers tremble with suppressed emotion. He could understand poor Rousselet's secret as he looked at this queenly woman, and he saw she understood it too.

At this moment a small piping voice was heard at the door.

'*Petite mère*,' it said, 'is Petit Jacques to have no *déjeuner* this morning?'

It was a relief to all to have the tension of their nerves so pleasantly loosened.

'Come, Petit Jacques,' cried Virginie, 'and salute monsieur, who knew the good M. Rousselet for whom you pray each night.'

'You told me, *petite mère*, that M. Rousselet was in heaven.'

'And so he is,' said Riouffe, 'if there be a heaven, as we believe,' he added, looking at Virginie.

From that day Riouffe became a constant visitor at the house, and soon was enrolled among the band of worshippers whom Virginie allowed to offer incense at her shrine. There was something so simple and confiding about the man that he won the confidence of all. He was, besides, so clever and well read, it was a pleasure to talk to him.

'Ah, madame!' he cried one day with a sigh, 'I have found Paris and the world of Paris most insincere and heartless. It is only here that I feel at home, for here I find all the good qualities we learnt to love in each other in the Conciergerie.'

He told them of all the men, and women too, who had passed through that high road to the guillotine, from the Girondins to the last victims of the Terror, and Virginie shuddered when she remembered that it was only by great good luck that she, too, had not gone that way.

(To be continued.)

## *Working Hours and Working Men.<sup>1</sup>*

IT is my duty to-night to address working men and to bring to a close the proceedings of the present Congress of the Sanitary Institute. It is assumed that, under existing necessities, working men and working women have not the time for attending the daily meetings of the Congress, a fact to be regretted, because so much more service to the great cause of sanitation, or health of the world, is imparted when those who are concerned in that cause—and who is not?—can take personal part in advancing it. It is all very well for me or for some learned colleague of mine to give a lecture; but that is a poor substitute for direct personal debate on the matter. In my own case I feel sure I should never have acquired the absorbing interest and the knowledge I have attained on health subjects if I had merely been lectured at and told, this is what I must understand and that is what I must do.

When, therefore, the Sanitary Institute, or other organisation, holds another Health Congress, I respectfully suggest that on every evening there should be a meeting for papers and discussions in which working men and women should take a leading part. It would be good if some of these would write papers for every one to discuss, so that they might lend their knowledge to the professed sanitarians in response to that which has been given to them. It would be well also to see one of them occupying the chair and conducting the business of the meeting, because, if they once commenced to take leading parts in this magnificent work, they would continue their efforts. For, indeed, the work is so magnificent and so attractive, and, when understood, so mighty, they who have once become connected with it never cease to carry it forward, notwithstanding the anger of the cynics, a mischievous and bad lot, who, when they cannot confute, abuse.

Perhaps you will say this subject of health is too difficult

<sup>1</sup> An Address delivered on Saturday, August 30, to working men at the Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, held at Brighton, 1890.

and scientific for men and women who have to work for their daily bread. Not a bit of it; it is simplicity itself. Not a carpenter who planes a piece of wood by the square; not a bricklayer who lays a wall by the plumb rule; not a plumber who wipes a joint; not a blacksmith who forges a horse-shoe; not a watchmaker who cleans a watch; not an engine driver who drives an engine, but does something quite as difficult and quite as scientific as anything done by the cleverest sanitarian. It is all a matter of looking at the question and of facing it. Face it and it is yours, as much as it is ours or anybody's. Every man could, if he would, soon learn to understand and discuss the sanitary business just as we have done in the past week. Neither need the women be afraid to learn and reason and act in the same manner; for women ought to be the best of the sanitary brood. In classical history a woman was the leader of health. We call her the Goddess of Health to this very day, and we owe that title to the wise old ancients. They had a god who was the founder of the science and art of curing diseases, and this god they called *Æsculapius*; but *Æsculapius* had a daughter, as might be expected of so great a personage, and she became the goddess, not of physic, but of health. *Æsculapius* would say to men and women, 'Get ill and I will cure you.' But his daughter, who was named *Hygeia*, Goddess of Health, would say, 'My children, my father is a clever old fellow enough, and I am proud of him; but he, belonging to the male side and always wanting to be master, lets you go wrong in order that he may be called in to show his power and his skill in putting you right. I, however, belonging to the female side, wish to tell you something better. I would advise you never to require his assistance at any time. Live well and keep well. Then those diseases he is so proud of naming and curing will never get into your homes at all. The women can keep the homes in such a healthy state that a home which contains a sick person, with a doctor flitting in and out, will be like a churchyard at midnight with the usual ghost, a spot to be marked out and shut up.' Then also the women, coming to a meeting like the present, instead of listening to what is to be taught here, might tell us so much as goddesses of health, that the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain itself would soon have to go into a position where it could enjoy its dignity at its leisure. And be sure of it, discussions on health by working people will come; although at this moment the fates are against us. We must, therefore, have an address; and now, what shall be the topic?

Health is fertile and offers a thousand topics. But many are worn out, or require rest; others are deep and require preparatory study; others are pleasant, but theoretical. I propose one that is practical; one that we all know something about if we are worth our salt, which isn't much, though we talk so much about it. I propose that we consider *work* and *working* hours, or hours of work in relation to working men. You needn't start, or begin to get up steam as if a political engine were about to be brought out to run on a line which may have rails, but which certainly is not smooth. Have no fear! To-night let us throw politics, as if they were physic, to the dogs. We are sanitarians looking down on politics and politicians with all the pity that should be felt by the followers of the Goddess of Health. We will study work only as a measure of health. How does work run with health, and how far does health sustain work to the benefit and the happiness of the worker? Let that be our text.

#### WORK EVERY MAN'S PORTION.

We may start on this inquiry by the assurance that work, manual work—and that, too, of rather a resolute kind—is absolutely necessary for every man. The old saying that man shall live by the sweat of his brow is as true to-day as on the day when it first went forth. The work of man has been compared to that of a gardener, and the similitude is good; for the world at large is a garden, nothing more, nothing less. The true destiny of man is to make the garden a paradise, and until this is done there will be no peace, no garden of peace, no paradise. Every one of us here, probably, has been working all the day for and towards the completion of this greatest work, though we have not been thinking of this object of our labours. Every man, everywhere, who deserves to be called a man, has worked for this unrecognised object. I press this point because it leads us on to understand what is the best idea of work. The idea cannot be too hopeful. We often meet with a good workman who, having completed some really excellent task—shaping a stone, carving a panel of wood, building a wall, painting a wall, decorating a ceiling, or what not—having finished his job, turns from it, glad to get rid of it, and caring not what shall become of it. This is because he does not realise the importance of his labour; does not grasp the fact that nothing done is lost, and that everything well done, if the true worth of it be properly realised, is an addition to the garden of the world, the future Paradise. But when he does realise it, let the

following story, true in every word, and resting on my own observation, illustrate, how good it is for him.

On the eastern coast of Scotland there is a beautiful old city called St. Andrews. The city claims, as its own, the oldest of the great universities of Scotland. In the beautiful lecture-hall of the university there is now and then held a kind of gala day, when the learned professors invite an outsider to give a lecture to the students, and to those inhabitants of the city, besides the students, who choose to come and listen. On a bright day in the early part of a year not long gone by I was invited to give one of these extra lectures in the morning, and to listen to a lecture in the evening by another outside teacher. I did not know my colleague, who delivered the evening lecture, personally, but I heard that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered to be one of the most powerful, able, learned, and withal wittiest men in Scotland. He chose for the subject of his lecture 'Self-culture,' and for an hour he held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. I could not for my part realise that the hour had fled, and had difficulty in preventing myself committing the very improper act, for such an occasion, of calling out 'encore' with all my might. You may depend upon it that we cheered the lecturer vigorously; and we one and all said, 'What a wonderful lecture! What a treat, to be sure!' The lecture ended at seven o'clock, and at eight I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of Professor Bell Pettigrew, whose great researches on flight some of you may have heard of, and who is the most genial of men. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the lecture had taken place—how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon.

'And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?' was a question from my new friend to whose lecture I had listened.

'Immensely,' I replied. 'The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages.'

'Well, that is pleasant to hear,' he said, 'for the walls are my ain doing.' He had the Scotch accent when he was in earnest.

'Fortunate man,' I replied, 'to have the means to build so fine a place;' for I thought, naturally enough, that, being a rich man, he had built the hall at his own expense and had presented it to the university.

‘Fortunate truly,’ he answered, ‘but not in that sense. What I mean is, that I laid every one of those stones with my ain hand. When that place was being built I was a working mason, under the father of our friend the Professor opposite us, a builder in St. Andrews who had the contract, and he gave me the job of laying the inside stone-work; and I never had any job in my life that gave me so much pride and so much pleasure.’

My audience, that workman still lives, and is one of the heads of the university. Whilst he was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, he went to the Bar, he signalised himself there; and now he is what he is, one of the honoured of honoured names of his country. But I refer to him here only as the mason at his work, adorning the garden of the world, and proud of his labour. That man had the idea of the paradise; it sweetened his work; it made it great; and whatever else he has done or may do, that was one of his best works, one of which he may well be most proud in his own soul. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which echoed our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one too.

The illustration is valuable because it meets an objection which some too refined and overwise people make as to the sentiment which must, as they imagine, always prevail among those who work for their living with their limbs. ‘What is the use,’ they ask, ‘what is the use for you to hold out to working men that they ought to consider the value of their work? Why, they will laugh in your face. They live to toil; and the toil is such that they can’t be expected to look upon it, or have it referred to with pleasure. It is something they know they must get through each day, and there it ends.’ But my new friend gave a direct contradiction to this vulgar prejudice; and I am hopeful that amongst the ten million workers of these islands there is a large percentage possessed of the same spirit, who take a pride in their work, and who like it best when it is best done. These are the happiest of all their class, and they are the healthiest, which is the point most affecting us at this moment. Under this sentiment the working hours are both shortened and lightened, in so far as strength and health are concerned, since nothing saves the body and keeps it in good order like the tranquil mind which feels the value as well as the dignity and necessity of labour. I am quite sure, for my own part, that I should have given up the

supplementary hours of work each day of my own life many years ago but for the feeling that the labour might be of some value in the 'garden of the world'—might be helping to make the Paradise which is to be; helping in some very small degree, of course, and yet in a degree up to my level best.

#### WILL FOR WORK.

Working hours are sweetened, shortened, and lightened by the idea of the value of the work; they are directed, in the same manner, by what may be called *will for work*. When will goes with work, half the work is done; when will does not go with work, the work is doubled, trebled, quadrupled. I like triecycling; but if I were a man working for a master, who said to me in London: 'Now, then, it's six o'clock in the morning; get on that tri-cycle and deliver this letter at Bath before six to-night,' I should, I fear, be rather inclined to tell him to go to Bath himself, and might even, in my disgust, give him a bit of insane advice as to what he ought to do in connection with the journey. Or, if I undertook the task by necessity, how I should fume and wear and tear as I went along! Yet, very likely, I should find a man, mounted like me, doing, for his own pleasure, the same task as jollily as Mr. Mark Tapley himself, feeling no fatigue, and determined to add a second hundred miles to his day's work after he has left me at my destination with my master's note. Herein is the difference produced by will:—

Against the will no work will run,  
But willing work is working fun.

I am convinced that many employers, many employed fail to understand the importance of this fact. 'Employers are practical men, sir,' I heard one say. 'They care nothing about likes or dislikes, will or no will. The work has to be got through, and if a man don't like it he can chuck it up.' 'I make it a point,' I heard another employer say, 'to study, as far as I can, the tastes of my people, because I find that they do twice the work that comes to them with a will, to what they do when it goes across the grain, and I often regret that my establishment is limited in its resources for variety of work, since I am sure with sufficient variety I could make our work half a holiday, and could get double the amount of work as well, or better, carried out.'

The cynics, not remembering the low vulgarity of the word,

would call this last employer a 'faddist;' I call him the real practical man, who in the results he obtained was by far the more successful of the two.

#### LIMITATION OF WORKING HOURS.

And now I light upon the vexed question: Is it right that hours of work should be limited; and, if so, how many hours should be allotted to work?

The old saying on this point runs:—

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,  
With eight hours' sleep makes one good day.

So it does, and there is an immense amount of sound common-sense in these two lines. Supposing that meal-times are included in the eight hours' play, the sanitary teacher has little to add, little to take away from the rule in its general application. In the garden of the world no one need be obliged to do more work than can be done in eight hours if the work were carried out on a scientific and proper system. Unfortunately it is not, and is not likely to be for an age or two, so that we have to meet a big difficulty in the face and to do the best we can to help to lessen it.

As a matter of health the rule is good. Whose fault is it that it is not generally applied? One says tyranny is the faulty cause; another says necessity. We may admit, in some instances, necessity; but I should say that the fault, pretty universal in its nature, is based on ignorance or thoughtlessness rather than on any systematic oppression or absolute necessity.

I spot one illustration here. Why should shopkeepers be forced by all classes, rich, middle, and poor alike, to keep their places of business open for more than eight hours a day? Who is benefited by the notion which every tradesman seems to have that it is his duty to beat every other tradesman of his sort in the plan of keeping his shop open to the public to the last possible moment, and beginning again at the first possible moment? The man does not like it. Those employed by him do not like it. It is the outside public who demand it and will have it. The draper, as one of the outside public, will have it of the grocer; the grocer of the baker, the baker of the butcher, and every sort of the liquor seller. Was there ever such an absurdity? There are a few who never can shut up. But how few! Name the policeman, the fireman, the sick nurse, and that most taxed of all living men, the family doctor, and how many more need be

employed beyond eight hours out of the twenty-four in constant daily work?

What a grand thing it would be to lessen pressure of business to this extent! In some instances it would cause the rate of mortality to go down as certainly as the barometer goes down when the pressure of air is taken off the mercury. And what a grand example it would be, affecting for the best all sorts and conditions of men! What healthy habits it would produce, what economy! Think of buying all provisions under the light of the sun instead of the flare of gas, paraffin, or naphtha! Look at a purchase made in the light of the morning by the side of one made in the light of the night! Why, I tell you, working men and women, that there are persons who keep what they could not sell in the daytime in order that it may be sold at night, for the simple reason that customers cannot see so well then what they are buying; and I am sure you must all have observed that well-to-do people never go out at night to buy if they can help it; that their great stores close early, and that the transaction is followed by better health in buyer and seller alike. The old curfew bell that made everybody shut up at one fixed hour was a good bell for many reasons, no reason more than that it carried with it the sound of health. We want a new and still earlier health bell in these times; not one rung by legal order, but by good feeling, good sense, and common humanity; a bell that should not sound to the ear, but should ring in every heart.

It is of no use blaming employers or employed until the public lends its mind to the resolution that it will do no business in unreasonable hours. There is an inconsistency about this subject which is appalling. A philanthropic lady may come to me to ask, will I not do something, will I not say something, will I not write a few lines to the *Times* to help to cure this great and crying evil? Yet a few days afterwards this philanthropist may take away her custom from her neighbouring draper for no other reason than that his shop is closed when at the last moment she requires a piece of ribbon for an evening party to which she is about to go.

#### EIGHT HOURS A FAIR TIME.

Taking it all in all, we may keep our minds on eight hours as a fair time for work. We may consider justly that a person who works hard and conscientiously for eight hours has little to be ashamed of, and that, for health's sake, he has done what is near

to the right thing; if he take an hour to get to and from work, two hours for meals, three hours for reading or recreation, and one hour for rising and going to bed, including in this the daily bath which is so essential to health, he is in good form for good health. It matters little then what his occupation may be, since this laying-out of time is time well laid out for mind and body.

I am quite aware that in the present state of things this rule cannot be made absolute, and that eight hours is rather to be taken as a standard than as a rule. It may be accepted as not positively necessary in some classes of work, and as positively necessary in other classes.

We will, if you please, follow this out a little on the health and life side of the question, and on that alone.

#### THE BODILY POWERS AND HOURS OF WORK.

The human organisation is so far after the manner of a mechanism or engine that it is destined always to perform a certain fixed measure of work. Be it ever so idle, it must do a certain measure of work. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; but all along the line, from coming in to carrying out, we are all at work. The richest man, who thinks he never has occasion to work at all, has within him a working pump called his heart, and a working bellows called his lungs, and a working-vat called his stomach, and a working condenser called his brain, and a working evaporator called his skin, with other parts, all of which must be at work, whether he will or not. He may not know it, but the heart of the laziest lout you can imagine is expending over his body, day by day, one hundred and twenty-two foot-tons weight of work. This is work he can't escape, and he carries it on a longer or shorter time, according as he is constituted to do it. He is born to lift so many millions of tons in so many years, and as each piece of work is done it is finished for good, not a stroke of it ever recalled. If he meet with no accident, the time will come when the last stroke in his capacity will be played out, and then he will die.

A rule of a similar kind applies to all other parts and organs, and that person lives longest who so lives and works that all parts wear out together. There are very few such persons; the larger number break down from one point, the rest of the body being good for long to come. You know the rule in machinery,

that the strength of a chain lies in each link: let one link give way, and where is the chain? It is the same with the chain of life.

#### SOME USEFUL LESSONS.

The lessons that arise from correct knowledge on these points are numerous, and have a particular bearing on the question of hours of work. The first lesson is one in which all interests are equally concerned. The master is concerned in it, the workman is concerned in it. The lesson is that when a man is working at one particular thing, which keeps one particular organ or set of organs constantly at work, nothing can be gained by keeping up the time of work too long without cessation. I have tried to ascertain if there is any sort of work in which this rule fails to hold good, and I find none. If the work be entirely muscular, the rule is wonderfully sound. The best mechanical work is always that which stops on this side of actual weariness. To put the matter in a nutshell, an overstrained workman is for the time a bad workman and a dear workman, whatever his will and his skill may be. He is disabled in that part of his body that has been particularly taxed, and in that part he must be rested and recruited before he can with perfect health and strength resume his employment.

But what is the full time for the running down, if I may so call it, of the powers of the body each day, under steady, hard, muscular work, not calling for much mental exertion? I should fix it, from our side of the question, at one-third of the twenty-four hours of the day, or half the waking hours; that is to say, the same period as should be devoted to that entire rest, chiefly in sleep, which is needed in order to restore the body to its full power, and to regulate the balance of power.

This is the first lesson, in which nothing except bodily work has been noticed. Let us refer to another state of things, in which mental work, a much sharper master, comes on the scene. I have never yet met with a pure mental worker who could keep up good mental work day after day for six hours. When, therefore, any work exercises the mind as well as the body; when to mental labour responsibility and anxiety are added; when the work put upon the heart increases largely; when the mainspring and prime regulator of the whole animal machine is oppressed, and all is cross-grain and uncertain; when the mind becomes irritable as the muscles become wearied; and when that which was readily seen and easily done at the commencement of the work demands

more than ordinary care—must, practically, be twice done, and, after all, without proper satisfaction—then the necessity for the eight hours rule becomes absolute.

Let us look round and pick out one or two kinds of work as examples coming, in this way, under the rule of regular eight hours. I should put engine driving at the head of these representative kinds of work in which mind and body are severely taxed together. The engine driver is taxed all round; he has much to do that calls the muscles of his body into active work; he is unable to rest; he is exposed to great changes of heat and cold, wind and rain; he has to bear the rapid friction of the air over the surface of his body; and, from minute to minute, for hour after hour, he is obliged to have his most active and labouring senses, his sight, his hearing, his touch—yes, and his sense of smell too—persistently on guard. To all is added the hidden weight of responsibility, a weight which springs from the whole of the work put together, and with something else behind, which men call conscientiousness or conscience, which intensifies the mental and physical strains. I am quite convinced that, in respect to bodily and mental health, such kind of work ought never to exceed eight hours out of the twenty-four hours of the day. It is bad all round that it should exceed this strain; bad, because dangerous, to the public, which depends for its health and life on the judgment and skill of the driver; bad for the endurance of the man himself, and bad for those who pay him for his services; bad because the men who accept such responsible labour—although they may keep at it for some years in spite of the overstrain—become prematurely old; at sixty or so are aged so that people begin to say of them, and they begin to say of themselves, that they are getting past work, when, in truth, this is just the time they ought to be in the full swing of a ripe and useful experience, and in a condition most serviceable as labourers for the general good—labourers for that garden of the world they are sent to cultivate and help to bring to perfection.

By argument quite independent of politics, commerce, or economy; by argument based simply on the study of man himself as a working unit; the physician's argument, if you like to consider it so, I venture to declare that eight hours is the extreme limit of labour, compatible with healthy life, for all callings of the character above described.

There are some other callings which, on account of their

monotony and steady wear and tear from constant work, require the same regular limitation of time. The postman is an excellent illustration of the class of worker included under this head. The work of the postman is one continuous busy go-round; he is on his feet during the whole of his working hours, except in the few, far too few, instances, in country districts, where he is able to use a velocipede. The result is that the postman wears out too fast. The late medical officer to the General Post Office, Dr. Waller Lewis, was fully alive to this fact. He referred to it in his reports, and he several times spoke to me about it. There were some men, he told me, who sustained the tedious labour fairly; but none bore it well, and the weaker ones badly. The effect, generally, was to produce a premature old age; in other words, shortening of the life of the worker.

Lastly, hardest muscular kinds of work demand, for the best reason, limitation of hours. Amongst those of us who have studied this subject most carefully, there is, I believe, little difference of opinion. We should, I think, be unanimous that the strongest man ought not to perform, day by day, work that should call forth more than 250 foot-tons of energy, or rather more than twice the natural work of the heart. But in some work this amount is increased over a third. In the work of the dock labourer it runs up to 315 foot-tons; in the pile driver and pavior to 350; and in a few others to 370. Here the eight hours rule, at least, is absolute for health. We could not put such a strain on an engine that was not made to bear it, without breaking the engine down; and we cannot put it on a man without the same result.

#### SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

I wait here to anticipate some objections which may arise. One man will say to me, 'You are calculating up the human body as if it were a steam engine; all very well as a doctor's calculation, but of no sense for a practical man.' I answer:—if you work a steam engine, you reckon up its working power to the uttermost farthing; and if you strain it, wear it out, or blow it up, you take the consequences. 'Of course,' will be the reply; 'but then a man is not an engine; a man has a will and a mind of his own which alters everything.' How so? I think that only makes matters worse; the man's will is expressed by his vital powers, just the same as his strength to work is; and

if his will chafes under his work, the work is so much the harder. Do you imagine that, if the steam engine were endowed with a will, and you had to govern the will as well as the work of the engine, the work would be less wearing to it? Why, it would be all the more wearing; and if, after great oppression, the engine, at full strain, blew itself, and you with it, into atoms, you need not be surprised.

No, this is a question that is essentially a doctor's question, for the simple reason that it is the study of the doctor to find what the human body and human mind can and cannot bear. If he does not understand this, who does? Some day it will be a doctor's question out and out, and in that department of medical science and art which relates to the treatment of the most useful of the lower animals, the horse, it comes already into immediate service. A well-informed veterinary surgeon will calculate the life value of a horse with the greatest ease by the age and character of the animal, in combination with the work which the animal will have to perform. Mr. Field, of Oxford Street, London, one of the soundest veterinary surgeons I ever knew, was once advising me about the purchase of a horse I had sent to his 'whispering gallery,' as he called his testing yard, in order to find if the animal were sound in 'wind, limb, and eyesight.' I asked him what length of work there was in the animal. 'For your work,' he said, 'good ten or eleven years; for my work, seven or eight; for a London omnibus, three to four. It is chiefly a matter of work and strain on the heart.' 'Has temper nothing to do with it?' 'Yes; if he is a fretful, unwilling, or wilful animal, you may take off a good fourth from the working value of your purchase.'

The objection named above is not difficult to meet. But there is another which claims to be very strong. Its supporters reason in this way: they say that if people didn't die from work they would die from pleasure, and that it is better to wear out from work than from luxury. A rigid teetotaler will turn on me and ask, 'What is the injury which work, and hard overwork, puts upon the heart and life of a man compared with the work and overwork, the wear and tear, which strong drink inflicts on those who indulge in it? Are not,' he inquires, 'beer and stout, and wine and brandy, and gin and whisky, and rum and shrub, as hard task-masters as the hardest master who can be found looking over a gang of labourers, or superintending a workshop?' I do not dispute that strong drink is the hardest of masters; I know quite well that it weakens,

lowers, and kills just as overwork does; I am not ignorant of the fact that, doing no service whatever to anybody, all the fluids mentioned add to the work of life, and hasten death. I know that the Divine Creator of our animal bodies chose that they should work by the use of water, just as we inferior creatures ordain that our most powerful and useful engines, engines that transport us over land and sea, shall work altogether by the use of water turned into steam and condensed back into water. I am quite aware that, if I were to tamper with the work of a perfect steam engine by drenching it with beer, stout, wine, brandy, whisky, gin, rum, or any other of these mischievous nuisances, I should soon knock that beautiful structure into what is vulgarly called 'a cocked hat,' which means, I suppose, a hat that is easily shut up. I know, of course, that if men were to drench omnibus horses with the same vile compounds as human beings drench themselves with, the omnibus companies would soon come to an end with the animals they had poisoned. I know that, if the cattle on a thousand hills were to be drenched in like manner, there would very soon be few that were tamable, few that were workable, few that were eatable. What is more, I know that when men, working men, or idling men, drench themselves with these fluids, their hearts and lungs, and livers and kidneys, and stomachs and brains and nerves, wear out at an alarming pace, faster than from hardest work. I am quite aware of these facts. I remember—and it is a useful fact for all of us to remember—that if a man in perfect health and strength puts into his stomach, in the course of a working day, four fluid ounces of spirit in the form of any of the common alcoholic beverages, he gives his heart an additional twelve foot-tons of work—not a pleasant addition to a day's hard work even for a coalheaver, and an addition which is fearfully injurious to all parts of the body that the heart feeds with blood. Knowing so much, then, I admit the teetotaler's argument as far as it goes. And how far does it go? Just to the extent that two blacks do not make a white, and not a step further. If an engine driver, or a postman, or any one else, likes to add to the proper work of his life so much more work, and, under the delusion that he is strengthening himself by indulging in the use of the greatest of all paralyzers, doubles his work by drink, so much the more speedy will be the downfall of his life. Such addition to work, however, has nothing to do with the question of his daily work, for a man might be making the same expedition towards death from drink if he were riding in a

chariot, or were seated in a chair of state, calling out for his three vintners, like Old King Cole.

There is yet another argument brought against limitation of useful work, namely, that those who have nothing to do constantly perform the hardest work for their own gratification. Some do this in boating, some in hunting or field sports generally, others in wandering about the earth, and not a few in that everlasting mill at Westminster to which the people periodically sentence a certain number of themselves to grind away session after session until all is blue above and chaff below. Admitted that many who need not work at all are worked so terribly, what does it mean? It means, simply, that man was made for work; that he is forced, will he, nill he, to help cultivate the garden of the world; or to change by a word or two the speech of the gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' Here lies the work; good; here stands the man; good! If the man will not go to the work, the work will come to the man. But this does not alter the question one bit, because, when these self-acting slaves do apply themselves to slavish labour, they shorten their lives by the slavery—a sort of suicide for which they alone are responsible.

Not one of these arguments, nor any other with which I am acquainted, touches the proper limitation of labour in such occupations as those to which special reference has been made, and their likes: the occupation of the engine driver, calling for mental as well as physical strain; of the postman, calling for unceasing wear, and of the hard muscular worker. I choose these as typical or representative labours, but there are many more like them. Some years ago I made a study of the value of life according to occupation, and found a certain number of occupations which presented alarming figures, showing the shortening of life connected with them. I found, out of forty-two of the chief industrial occupations, no fewer than thirty showing a mortality above the average, and in some cases far above the average. For example, taking 100 as the average figure, I found that 138 potters died instead of 100; 129 barge-men instead of 100; 121 dock labourers instead of 100; and so on, with rather more favourable returns to other workers, who, though dying above the average, were more favoured, because, although overworked, they enjoyed somewhat better conditions of air, of food, and of clothing. I discovered also one particular fact showing how in the selfsame business hard overwork each

day will reduce the value of life. I took the blacksmiths of the country and the blacksmiths of Marylebone, in London, from Dr. Dundas Thompson's tables, and found that while the deaths of the country blacksmiths were 19 per 1,000, those of Marylebone were 31. In the country the blacksmith is a healthy man; he rises early and works moderate hours, say ten daily; in London he rises early and works twelve hours. In the course of his life he can strike, between the age of twenty and sixty, 36,000,000 blows on his anvil, 3,000 each day of ten hours; but when two extra hours with 600 blows more are laid on him per day, there is added in the year sixty more working days, and in five years one whole year more of work—a full and sufficient reason, in combination with his unhealthier surroundings, for his shorter life. I pointed out, when these calculations were made, some rearrangements by which these excessive hours of labour could be reduced, and urged that every occupation showing deaths above the average from overwork should be forced to reduce hours of work; for, I reasoned, what economy can it be to a nation or employer to inflict on working people labour to the extent of destroying the health and shortening the life? Many years have passed since this was said, and nothing has been done in a systematic manner, and so I repeat the recommendation. I repeat that, the facts being in the full possession of the nation, there ought to be inquiry on all sides how best the serious differences of labour in their effects on health and life can be so adjusted that health and life shall be better preserved. This is a duty that ought not to be left to the workers alone to rectify. They will, no doubt, rectify it, but they are too closely confined in winning bread for themselves and their families to be able to look into the matter calmly and sufficiently; and this is a pressing matter every one ought to look into, for the sake of the great reformation that is required for the interests of those who do not work at injurious callings as well as of those who do; since bad health from overwork brings feverishness, restlessness, and sometimes conditions of mind bearing on desperation which lead to uncontrollable action and general misery.

In the reformation which has to come, and which is on the horizon, the process of measuring out time for work holds a first place. I teach now, as I have taught for many years, that for health's sake eight hours is a fair average. I do not put it as absolute. There are occupations in which eight hours are really too long, because all the time the labour of the body, or of

the attention, or of both, is too severe. There are occupations in which the body is bent all the time of work, until at last actual deformity of the body takes place from long hours. In all such occupations the time should be limited to or within eight hours. There are, on the other hand, occupations where, although the hours may be long, the work is only by fits and starts, so to speak, with considerable intervals of rest between. In such cases ten or even eleven hours may be comparatively harmless, if the surroundings are healthy, and the habits of the worker wholesome and sound.

#### RESPECTING HOLIDAYS.

Before I conclude you will expect me to say a word or two about recreation and holidays. To secure recreation is to re-create the body and the mind. In proper recreation we call into play muscles which have too long lain idle, and which require exercise. We bring also into play portions of the brain, the organ of the mind, which have too long lain fallow, and in this way take in new pictures of the mind and lay them by, as we lay by beautiful drawings in our books and cabinets to keep and enjoy. Thus the brain becomes a treasure house, and a fine treasure house it may be made, I can assure you. I believe that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand persons do not furnish ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of their brain treasure house—a sad omission. Every good sanitarian goes in for good recreation and good holiday-making, and for none so much as for those who work hardest. We are, I hope, all agreed on this principle; but, it may be, we are not all agreed, that all sanitarians are not strictly agreed, as to details. I will state my views, trusting they may be yours; and, if they are not, we will not quarrel, but, agreeing for the moment to differ, will reconsider the point more carefully.

#### THE DAY OF REST.

First, then, we have, fortunately for us all, fifty-two days in the year which are set apart as days of rest; and I pray you let no one mislead you in the attempt to sacrifice the day in which you shall do no manner of work. Our wise and discerning friends, the Jews, have given us this advice and have acted up to it. They have kept their own day of rest rigidly, perhaps too rigidly—as, for instance, in the case of a Jewish neighbour of mine who, having folded up a newspaper the evening before

her Sabbath, brought it to our garden wall on her day of rest, that I might address it and post it. But there is not a shadow of doubt that to the Jews as a people the seventh day has been a day of life, and through the ages a mainstay in their chequered and often unhappy career. Let us keep it also as a day of happy, healthy rest.

Our old Puritan fathers made it a penance, and you may perhaps remember the picture of one of them, told by a satirist who knew them :—

‘ From Salisbury came I, oh profane one !  
Where I saw a Puritane one,  
A hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.’

Well, I like the Puritans, and some say I am a little infected with their views ; but I do not agree with them on this subject. Our Sunday, the first day of the week, takes its name from the sun, and, to my mind, ought to be, like its namesake, pure, unclouded, bright, warm, and cheerful. Let our good friends, the teachers and preachers of religion, tempt us into their temples as much as ever they can ; but let nothing interfere with the rational recreation and rational pleasure of the day. Let nothing interfere with our communion with the Lord of Nature in all His works and ways. One of my medical predecessors, Akenside, wrote for us :—

The men, whom Nature’s works can please —  
With God Himself hold converse. Grow familiar  
Day by day with His conceptions, act upon His plans,  
And form to His the relish of their souls.

The words are true. They are near to God, who, drawing near to His works, know Him in His own mighty temple of earth and sky, as well as in the temples of wood and stone which men erect to His worship and His honour. And near also to Him are they who seek the works of that poet, sculptor, painter, writer, teacher, who best interprets Nature in her simplicity, her power, her virtue, her beauty, and her glory.

#### WEEK-DAY RECREATION.

Keep Sunday well as a first determination ; but in every day of the week some recreation is also required, and, in coming days of eight hours for work, healthy and pure recreation will have to be provided for each day. This will create, in my opinion, a good result, not only in the pleasures of those who by work earn

the refreshment of play, but in relieving the labour market itself by providing new and varied occupations for those who minister to the public entertainment. One of the sterling characters whom Charles Dickens invented for us says, 'People must be amused.' They must, and there must be good workers to supply the amusement. Already this class with the school teachers are increasing in the most remarkable manner. In the increase of the population the ministers of religion keep on a level with the people; the lawyers go a little ahead; the doctors fall far behind; but the schoolmaster and mistress, the musician, the player, and public reader are miles ahead, some more than double the rate of the general increase. This is a relief to all the classes from which these popular workers spring; and, just as good recreation is demanded, so will more and more artists be called to play their parts. I hope, for the sake of health, that good music will play a first part, for music is the soul of innocence, and good music means good health. He who can sing well is well. I asked once of an anxious mother, whose child I had left at night with a fear lest it would ever be seen by me again alive—I asked almost with fear, 'How is Bonnie to-day?' 'Listen, doctor!' was the delighted reply, 'listen! she is singing: she must be safe now.' It was a simple woman's simple inference, and correct to the letter.

This subject of amusements for working men is a serious as well as a happy one for all, but especially for those who have to work hard each day. To these recreation has never yet come in good form. Obligated to take just what they have found ready to hand, in the public-house, the low music-hall or saloon, the commonest games, the cheapest theatres, they have been blamed by the wealthier classes for their low tastes. I do not participate in this feeling. The finest rendering of the 'Messiah' I ever listened to was one in which some hundreds of working Yorkshiremen at Leeds made the choruses; and, yearly, in the great national gathering in Wales, the best music and song is to be heard. These facts give contradiction direct to the assumption that men who work all day must seek low pleasures. The simple truth is, they never have had time or opportunity to seek and taste pure pleasures. Give them time and opportunity and they will both seek and find that, as to the pure all things are pure, so to their healthier work healthier pleasure must be added, in newer, better and more varied classes of entertainments and entertainers.

## BANK HOLIDAY.

I touch, lastly, on general holidays; and here it is, I fear, that I may differ from some of you. When, a few years ago, a most estimable, earnest and useful public man, Sir John Lubbock, was fighting for Bank Holiday, I did all I could, with pen and voice, to back up his good work. I am glad of having done so, for I think his was exceedingly good work. It was a capital start for popular holidays, and it was, perhaps, the only start that was possible at the time. But, watching the result, I am forced to say that reform is wanted. The Bank Holiday is too short, too tumultuous, too head over heels, to be recreative in a healthy sense. If the weather be good the holiday may be tolerable, but if the weather be bad it is absolutely injurious, a mere scratch holiday, giving rise to discomfort, vexation, sickness, and it may be days of after-suffering, for which no holiday compensates. I was present at one of our favourite watering-places, in August 1888, during 'the holiday' in a deluge of rain. The misery of the unhappy tourists was indescribable. Even the post-office was filled with the drenched visitors, seeking for shelter and wishing for home.

The change that seems to me necessary is to give to the working people the same opportunities for rational holidays as belong to others who consider themselves more favoured. Let them have their holiday; not at a fixed time for the whole in a body, but for each one and each family, at convenient times; not for a day or two, to the injury of trade and general inconvenience, but for a week or fortnight, or longer still, for purposes of health and recreation. This would be holiday in earnest, and I speak from direct practical knowledge in saying that no plan is more easily carried out.

## THE CONCLUSION.

The sum and substance of my message as a physician and sanitarian is, that for health's sake and life's sake, for the health and life of the nation as well as of the individual parts of it, the shoulders of labour require a great deal of lightening. An example, bearing to millions of minds a meaning beautiful as it is forcible, requires to be set. The yoke must be made easy, the burden light, before the healthy heart can beat out to its full days the healthy body and the healthy mind. I rejoice to know that great employers of labour are coming rapidly to this conclusion, and

to have heard one of them say recently that so convinced was he of the folly of sustaining the hard yoke and the heavy burden, he had practically come to the eight-hour system, and had found it answer so advantageously, in the improved health of body and mind of the operatives, and in improved product of their labour, that he would vote for the universal application of the system, just as earnestly as any one of the energetic men amongst themselves who are demanding it. But it is not the employer, it is not the employed, who can alone settle this question of good health and good life for good work. The public sentiment must lead to the change. A selfish want of common-sense is the thing to be rectified, not by an attack on selfish persons, but on selfish deeds. What shall be done when a thoughtless woman, with a really good heart, thinks it not unreasonable to quarrel with her draper because at nine o'clock at night she cannot get a yard or two of ribbon to fig herself out with for an evening party? Tell her she has a selfish want of common-sense; be ruder, if you like, and say she is deficient in wisdom; be ruder still, and say she is a fool—which at the bottom she may not be—and all these epithets will not improve her. Follow another plan, however: put the matter forward plainly, without any mincing of the folly of the act as apart from the actor, and then if the folly of the act can be loudly proclaimed—proclaimed from the housetops, as the ancients would say—there is hope in store.

It is the business of an association like the Sanitary Institute to make known these reforming ideas far and wide, through those whom it deputed to speak at its congresses; and if to-night I have ventured to speak very openly to my countrymen of all classes on the vital sanitary question that has been before us, believe me I have had in view but one thought—the common health of the commonwealth;—the best cultivation of the garden of the world.

B. W. RICHARDSON.

## *On General Gordon's Copy of Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.'*<sup>1</sup>

THE book given by General Gordon to Frank Power in Khartoum possesses historic as well as literary interest. Frank Power left England on May 17, 1883, with the intention of following the army of Hicks Pasha in the campaign against the Mahdi, and of reporting its progress to the *Times*: He had a further object, which was to explore the country, with Edward O'Donovan, the brilliant and ill-fated correspondent of the *Daily News*, and to write a description of that almost unknown district. They crossed the desert from Suakim to Berber and thence went on to Khartoum and joined Hicks Pasha on his march to Kordofan. The army of Hicks Pasha was destroyed on the fatal field of El Obeid. Power was then ill at Khartoum, and on January 24, 1884, he writes to his mother: 'I hear that Chinese Gordon is coming up. They could not have a better man. He, though severe, was greatly loved during the five years he spent here.' On February 9 he writes to her: 'I don't believe the fellows in Lucknow looked more anxiously for Colin Campbell than we look for Gordon. As regards relief of this place, when he comes he can only carry out the retreat.' On February 22 he writes: 'Gordon is a most loveable character—quiet, mild, gentle and strong; he is so humble, too. The way he pats you on the shoulder when he says, "Look here, dear fellow, now what do you advise?" would make you love him. When he goes out of doors there are always crowds of Arab men and women at the gate to kiss his feet, and twice to-day the furious women, wishing to lift his feet to kiss, threw him over.' The two men were already attached to each other, and Power's way of going amongst the natives gave him additional favour in Gordon's eyes. He gave Power a copy of the '*Imitatio Christi*,' which, as

<sup>1</sup> This article is based on a paper read before the Manchester Literary Club by Mr. W. E. A. Axon.

we know, was one of his own favourite books. Frank Power, a few days later, whilst speaking with sympathetic admiration of Gordon's external cheerfulness, adds, 'but I know he suffers fearfully from low spirits. I hear him walking up and down his room all night (it is next to mine). It is only his piety that carries him through.' This constant foreboding of death is evidenced by the markings on the copy of the 'Dream of Gerontius,' which Gordon gave to Frank Power on February 18, as will presently be seen. How during the weary months Gordon held Khartoum we all know. Frequent sorties, in which Frank Power took his share, were the only variations of the terrible monotony of waiting for the army of relief that came only when treason and death had done their evil work. Gordon, Stewart, and Power confronted for months the terrible investment by the forces of the Mahdi, and on September 10 they shook hands for the last time, Gordon to hold Khartoum, and Stewart and Power to endeavour to make their way to the English lines and to hasten on the march of the deliverers. They embarked on the steamer *Abbas* and steamed down the Nile towards Berber. The vessel struck on a rock near a small island in Wad Gamr country. They landed and tried to obtain camels, but were treacherously attacked by the natives, and both were slain and their bodies thrown into the river. This was on September 18, 1884. The news did not quickly reach Gordon, but in his journal he writes, under date of November 9: 'I have not written any despatch concerning Stewart or Power. I dare not, with my views, say that their death is an evil; if true, I am sorry for their friends and relations. Stewart was a brave, just, upright gentleman. Can one say more? Power was a chivalrous, brave, honest gentleman. Can one say more?' Gordon remained, solitary and unaided, at Khartoum, and when the approach of the English force was imminent, the Mahdi accomplished, by the treachery of the Turkish and Egyptian pashas, that which the investment of the city had not accomplished. The soldiers of the Mahdi entered January 26, 1885, and few, if any, will ever forget that 'black Thursday,' the fifth of February, when the news of the fall of Khartoum and the slaughter of Gordon was announced.

It was on February 18, 1884, that Gordon gave the 'Dream of Gerontius' to Frank Power. The book had not been long in Gordon's possession. The day before he left England he had a conversation with Mr. E. A. Maund, to whom he related the change in spiritual life wrought by the experiences at the death-bed o

his father, 'as gazing on the lifeless form he thought, "Is this what we all have to come to?"' The discussion reminded Mr. Maund that some of Gordon's ideas were similar to those in Newman's poem, 'whereupon he said he should like to read it;' and Mr. Maund accordingly posted a copy to him in Egypt, and he must have read it during his swift progress to the doomed city, for he gave it to Frank Power on the day he entered Khartoum. (See 'Letters of C. G. Gordon to his Sister,' London, 1888, pp. 377, 379, 402.) Frank Power sent the book to his sister in Dublin, who forwarded it to Cardinal Newman for inspection. The Cardinal, in his reply, wrote: 'Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that the description of the soul preparing for death.' A fac-simile of this interesting letter was given in the number of *Merry England* devoted to the biography of Newman.

Miss Power afterwards lent the book to Miss Gordon, who recently sent a copy, showing the passages marked, to Mr. Lawrence Dillon, by whom it was presented to the Manchester Free Library.

On September 12, 1888, Mr. Dillon wrote to Cardinal Newman for permission to publish an edition of the 'Dream of Gerontius' with the passages marked as in the late General Gordon's own copy. Cardinal Newman sent the following reply:—

The Oratory, Birmingham :  
September 13, 1888.

SIR,—I thank you sincerely for the proposal contained in your letter. It is, indeed, far more than a mere compliment on the part of the Chief Librarian [of Manchester] to have my name associated in the mind of the public with such a man—so revered, so keenly and bitterly mourned for—as General Gordon. And it is very gratifying to be told that it would be pleasing to his immediate relatives.

As to your question concerning an edition, the first step must be for you to refer to Messrs. Longman, in whose hands the publication lies.

Your faithful servant,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.<sup>1</sup>

The tiny edition of the 'Dream of Gerontius' shows abundant evidence of the care with which it had been read by the defender

<sup>1</sup> It has not been considered advisable to issue a special edition of the *Dream of Gerontius* with Gordon's marks transferred, but all the passages he underlined are here quoted.—ED.

of Khartoum. In the Latin dedication he has underscored the words *Fratri desideratissimo, Gordon*. On the fly-leaf are the two following inscriptions:—

*Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon.*

18th February, '84.

DEAREST M.—I send you this little book which General Gordon has given me—the pencil marking through the [book] is his.

FRANK POWER, Khartoum.

The following passages are marked:—

FRATRI DESIDERATISSIMO,

GORDON.

Pray for me, O my friends.

| 'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he! . . . |

| So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray. |

| Prepare to meet thy God.

|| Use well the interval.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.  
From the sins that are past;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
From the perils of dying;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self, at the last;  
From the nethermost fire;  
From all that is evil;  
From power of the devil;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and for ever.

And I take with joy whatever,  
 Now besets me, pain or fear,  
 And with a strong will I sever  
 All the ties which bind me here.

. . . . .

Novissima hora est ; and I fain would sleep,  
 The pain has wearied me. . . . Into thy hands,  
 O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

. . . . .

A strange refreshment : for I feel in me  
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !  
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;  
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
 I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said  
 'He's gone ;' and then a sigh went round the room.

. . . . .

And we e'en now are million miles apart.  
 Yet . . . is this peremptory severance.

. . . . .

Another marvel : some one has me fast  
 Within his ample palm.

. . . . .

My work is done,  
 My task is o'er,  
 And so I come,  
 Taking it home.

. . . . .

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,  
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !

. . . . .

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth !  
 Majesty dwarfed to baseness ! fragrant flower  
 Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming worth  
 Cloaking corruption ! weakness mastering power !  
 Who never art so near to crime and shame,  
 As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.

. . . . .

The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

Now know I surely that I am at length  
Out of the body : had I part with earth,  
I never could have drunk those accents in,  
And not have worshipped as a god the voice  
That was so musical ; but now I am  
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,  
With such a full content, and with a sense  
So apprehensive and discriminant,  
As no temptation can intoxicate.  
Nor have I even terror at the thought  
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled.

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,  
And heaven begun.

How impotent they are ! and yet on earth  
They have repute for wondrous power and skill.

His will be done

Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

I have no fear—

In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise;  
 In all His words most wonderful  
 Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!  
 When all was sin and shame,  
 A second Adam to the fight  
 And to the rescue came.

Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee!

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe.

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:  
Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
 Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
 And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

The 'Dream of Gerontius' occupies an almost unique position in literature, for, whilst there have been those who, like Dante, claimed vision of purgatory as of *inferno* and paradise, John Henry Newman is the only poet who has attempted to express the purification of fiery pain that is to cleanse and prepare the soul for the final bliss. The theme, appealing strongly as it does to religious feeling, repels some as strongly as it attacks others, yet the most pronounced Protestant would find it hard to take offence at its treatment or to quarrel with its lofty idealism. Such topics can be and have been made grotesque and repulsive by injudicious presentations, but in the 'Dream of Gerontius' the artistic perfection is not more notable than the severe grandeur of the morality. The poem in its stately flow and with its choral form sounds like an echo from the dim aisles of some lofty cathedral, where the gloomy vastness of arch and roof is

gladdened by the sunlight streaming through the windows, whose many colours are the symbols of the hope and faith and aspirations of bygone generations of the sons of men. What more beautiful verse is there in the language than that with which the poem closes—the words addressed to the soul of Gerontius by his guardian angel?—

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## *The Idyll of Brook Farm.*

‘DOES any one know what has become of Vanessa Conway this season?’

Such was the question that one spring, some years ago, was frequently handed about with the afternoon tea-cups at the social gatherings of a certain set in the south-west of London. A wealthy, artistic, tolerably fashionable set; though perhaps not quite so near the centre of the fashionable world as it supposed itself to be.

‘Oh! do you not know?’ some one would answer. ‘She is in *villeggiatura*, somewhere in the north, near the place that used to belong to her people. She seemed to think that she would enjoy the rest and quiet—for I believe it is *quite* in the depths of the country. But I should think she must be tired of it by this time.’

Such was the answer for the general public. In smaller conclave those who were in the secret would murmur: ‘You know dear Vanessa does not get on *too* well with her aunt and cousins, she would never live with them if she could afford ever so small an establishment of her own. And last winter the friction was a little too much; so that she was very glad in the spring to get Dr. Waring to say that rest and change would be better for her than the London season. Poor Vanessa! I am sorry for her to be banished, for in her heart she likes a little gaiety as much as any of us.’

Meanwhile the season passed on, and presently those who, a few weeks before, had found it impossible to live *out* of London, discovered that it was impossible to live *in* it, and fled, as if pursued by the plague, to the furthest point to which their funds would carry them.

And still Vanessa Conway did not join her aunt and cousins at Scarborough, or help to discuss and complicate their plans for

a cheap and yet distinguished resort for the winter months. Even the letters had ceased, by means of which she had at first kept her lady friends aware that she was still alive, though doomed to vegetate in the country; and her acquaintance might have begun seriously to wonder what had become of her—but that they were beginning, with the usual happy result of long absence, to forget her very existence.

It was but poetical justice, after all, for they could hardly have forgotten her more completely than she had forgotten them, by the time the long sweet summer had worn itself away in the green stillness of Brook Farm.

Long? Nay! it had not been long, though the hours had danced round the dial to no more exciting music than that of lark and thrush and blackcap, or the whisper of winds among tall daisies and clover and the long grass ripe for the scythe, or the trickling murmur of the brook in its deep channel among the mossy stones.

No! that had been the shortest summer Vanessa Conway would ever know, though the sunny days had lasted, almost unbroken, from the meeting of May and June till now that August was just over, and the harvest half gathered in.

For beauty mingled with sadness, there is surely nothing like these evenings in early autumn, when the trees are hardly turning colour and the flowers hardly beginning to fade, when the level sunbeams are warmer and more mellow than those of spring; and yet over all hangs a faint suggestion of change and decay and death, a hint that all the glow and colour of 'the heaped Autumn's wealth,' is but nature's final revel before winter's long fast and mourning.

Brook Farm at any rate looked at its loveliest in the red sunset glow of the early September evening. Down by the pond at the bottom of the garden the shadows were deepening already, making its waters look dark and deep, save where they caught a faint golden reflection from the clouds overhead.

A close-clipped yew-tree down by the waterside, forming a shelter for the low garden bench, and a dark background for the slender girlish figure seated there, and the fair close-cropped head of a young man on the moss-covered log at her feet. . . Rows of tall sunflowers, with their backs to the dark-red lichen-covered wall, and with all their bright faces turned one way as if to hear what those two are saying. . . Tangled masses of raspberry and currant bushes, neglected now, as things and people are apt to

be when nothing more is to be expected from them. . . Mossy-stemmed apple-trees, bending with ripening fruit; and grassy paths where you must stoop to pass beneath them. . . And beyond all the grey front of the beautiful old manor-house, with its diamond-latticed, heavily-mullioned windows peering out from beneath the eaves like dim kindly eyes from under eyebrows grey with age.

Oh! for a painter to draw all this, and those two figures in the foreground, and send it to the Academy, labelled 'Love's Young Dream,' or some such original title.

Only it would be awkward for Vanessa Conway if he were artist enough to make such a likeness of her as should be recognisable by her friends.

'My dear,' one of them might say to another, 'I cannot believe that Vanessa would be so indiscreet. She assured me that there was *no one* in the neighbourhood but the young man of the farm where she was lodging.'

It was indeed 'the young man of the farm'—that is to say, the owner of the old manor-house and its surrounding acres—who was sitting now at Vanessa's feet, looking up at her with eyes whose secret was not hard to read.

When Miss Conway resolved to spend that summer at the old farmhouse which she remembered so well from her earliest childish days, she made up her mind that its mistress, Mrs. Alleyne, despite her rough, work-hardened hands and provincial accent, and the constant supervision which she exercised over her rough farm-servants, must be treated as a lady and an equal. Thus much it seemed to her she owed to the respect with which she had always heard her father and mother speak of their humbler neighbour; and to her surprise and pleasure she had found no strain or effort in so doing, since Mrs. Alleyne *was* a lady, despite the disadvantages just alluded to.

When the young lady found that there was a grown-up son in the case, she was not so sure about treating *him* as a gentleman. But George Alleyne gave her no choice. There was no mistake about his gentility, though he, too, spoke in somewhat provincial fashion, and might be seen occasionally at work in his shirt-sleeves, and had had no better education than the grammar school of the little market town could afford.

He had proved himself a gentleman by the way in which he let her alone when she did not want him, by the unobtrusive courtesy with which he gave her help and companionship when

she needed them ; by the way in which he had kept a bridle on his tongue, never letting it confess the admiration that his looks could not but betray, and by the self-restraint with which he accepted the intimacy into which they had gradually drifted.

And so—and so—it was more than three months since first they met, and Vanessa Conway, the proud and ambitious, who knew what love and lovers meant, and who had held herself hitherto a prize too high for any man to reach, was suffering this young yeoman-farmer to sit at her feet, and look at her with eyes whose meaning she could not mistake.

Perhaps the gulf between them was too deep and too shadowy for him to realise it. Certainly there was worship, but no despair or fear, in his bold grey eyes ; and his voice did not tremble as he went on explaining some matter of great importance, at least to himself.

‘I know that times are altered,’ he was saying. ‘My mother would never be happy to change her ways, but I should never expect my—wife—to—work as she has done. I am better off now than my father was, and I hope to be better off still. If I were—married, I should keep a different kind of servants, and my wife need never soil her hands unless she wished, or do anything but just give her orders and have them obeyed. It is a very quiet place—very quiet for any one that’s been used to a gay life. But it is very pretty—at least I think so—and it might be made prettier still.’

There had never been a word of direct ‘love-making’ between these two, as yet.

It was quite open to Vanessa, with a lift of her delicate eyebrows, to ask in what the prospects of the future Mrs. George Alleyne could be supposed to interest her. But she said nothing of the kind. She was thinking over the picture that his words had conjured up before her, trying to realise such a life as that of which he was thinking, even wondering whether *she* could not lead such a life—as a delicate lady, leaning back in her cushioned pew and listening to a sermon on the early Christians, wonders whether she, too, could have faced the lions in the amphitheatre.

Happily for the gentle enthusiast, she has not to make the choice. But Vanessa’s instinct warned her that the time when *she* must choose was very near ; that despite the young man’s chivalrous perception of, and submission to, her wishes, the moment must come when she could no longer hold him aloof, when he would speak and she must hear.

Oh! for the spring again, when the roses were just breaking into bud and the birds were nesting, and they two just learning to know each other and her pulse to thrill pleasantly at the veiled meaning of his looks! Now the roses were faded, and the fledglings had left the empty nests, and the yellow leaves were beginning to drop into the brown water; and there must be explanations, reproaches, partings! The price of that happy summer had still to be paid, and Vanessa realised, with a little sinking of the heart, that it was not even reckoned up as yet.

She was like one who has been playing with edged tools, and feels a sudden gash, and closes the hand sharply upon the wound: feels no pain as yet, but dare not unclothe the palm to see how deep the cut goes, and maybe start it bleeding.

There were just three courses open to her.

She might marry George Alleyne, since there was no one who had the right to do more than hold up hands of horror and astonishment. Marry him, and make the best of a life that, at best, must be narrow and homely, and full of restrictions—the princess turned goose-girl once for all, with no possibility of ever treading palace floors again.

Or she might confess to him honestly that she had trifled with him and with herself; that though she could have loved him well, yet she could not find love *enough*; could not give up for him the life to which she had been born and bred, a life so different from his that he could never even understand its attraction.

Or, if her pride found that too hard, she might laugh in his face when the hour of confession came; might ask him, with delicately hinted scorn, how he could so far have forgotten the difference between them, or have misunderstood the kindness which she had not been afraid to show to one so far beneath her.

Three ways to choose between, and yet it was so hard to choose—so hard to tell what it was that she herself desired most.

He was looking at her hands now—the little white hands that lay so still upon her lap—and speaking rather dreamily.

‘I don’t know what love counts for in a great lady’s life. With women in our rank of life they say it counts for a great deal. I don’t even know what a lady would have to give up in renouncing the great world. What do you think, Miss Conway? Would it be worth—anyone’s—while to do it, for the sake of being loved as no woman ever was loved before?’

His eyes went up from her hands to her face, and she rose

suddenly to her feet, feeling that the question was coming too near, and that she was not ready for it.

'That is too deep a question to be hastily answered,' she said lightly, turning away. 'I am going back to the house. I will be responsible for no more time wasted in this delightful Sleepy Hollow.'

He followed her close, lifting the apple branches that bent too low over the mossy path, and bending back the tangled bushes where they had fallen forward. The upper part of the garden was free from these encumbrances, and perhaps he hoped to make another opportunity for speech there; but fate was on Vanessa's side, for before they reached it two little girls in pink pinafores and white sun-bonnets came demurely down a side walk.

'Oh, Miss Conway,' cried the elder, seizing the hand that the young lady thankfully held out to her, 'didn't you want to see the new lot of kittens?'

'Of course I do,' answered Vanessa, looking kindly on the children as they clung to her.

'Oh, then George will come and help us, won't you, George? The old cat has taken them up in the big loft, and we can't get up there.'

Vanessa Conway was not foolish enough to let fate's obvious interposition on her behalf be wasted. She took care to keep the children by her side for the rest of the evening; yet all the while, as she peered with them into darkening barn or byre, or held the kittens' soft fur against her softer cheek, she was not unconscious of, or displeased with, the wistful eyes that followed her every movement.

Decidedly it was pleasant to be so loved. How much was it worth? Worth more than that wandering life with her aunt and cousins, of which she had been so often weary—that she could well believe.

But was it worth the sacrifice of that future that had loomed so often before her, vaguely splendid, in her day dreams? *That* was more hard to say, a question that she would rather not answer, at least until the night had brought counsel.

Perhaps, as the three sat together that night in the old-fashioned low-ceiled parlour, George Alleyne was too busy in watching his lady's face to pay much heed to his mother's conversation. Indeed, there was not much to take the attention in that gentle, involved, easy flow of trivialities.

And yet, if he had but known it, her talk was helping to

settle his future destiny. It may be that if good Mrs. Alleyne's well-meant speeches had been less dull and homely, less suggestive of a life bounded on all sides by the narrow limits of a rural district, Vanessa Conway's meditations that night might have taken a different turn.

'I could not do it!' she said to herself, when she found herself alone at last in the white-draped, sweet-scented 'guest-chamber,' where the young September moon made fine lattice-work of shadows on the oaken floor. 'I could not do it! I should grow like her, and die of dulness and weariness of myself and of my own small thoughts. I could not work like her, he would not expect it—but the work is the one thing that makes life dignified and worth having in her eyes. It stands to her in place of art and music, in place of society and the life and stir of the world, and all that I should have to give up if— No! I must break away from here, and see if there is no charm in Brighton or Paris or London that will help me to forget this summer. . . He will despise me! To love a man, and to give him up for the sake of the last new picture and the newest style of dress—for the sake of balls and parties and the latest thing in polite conversation—for the sake of being 'in the world.' I should despise myself if I thought it was so with me! . . . But why should I think that I am in love with him? A summer's acquaintance, not my equal—one whom the men that I have known would despise as a mere country bumpkin. . . They had better not tell him so, though, or he would kill some of them! . . . No! I am not in love with him. It has been a flirtation, I suppose. Wiser girls than I have had flirtations, and got over them. And as for him, he will marry some farmer's daughter, and she will make him a useful wife, and he will thank his stars that the fine lady laughed at him and let him go.'

She was looking out upon the tangled garden where they had lingered so often together; and a little shudder came over her as the word 'flirtation' crossed her mind. She was wilfully profaning memories that might have been holy as her childish prayers, and sweet as no dream can ever be but one. Like some votary of *Notre Dame de bon secours* who has made a vow the keeping of which seems to cost too much, and who says boldly to herself, 'What does it matter after all? It is but a huge doll in a blue satin frock!' so Vanessa Conway was fain to tear down and deface her own ideal of true love, lest it should force her to a sacrifice for which she had not courage.

Meanwhile, beneath those trees, the tops of which were just visible from her window in the moonlight, her lover was lying on the mossy grass, his face bent down upon his clasped hands, on the spot where her foot had rested.

'Will it be yes or no—yes or no?' he was debating within himself; and could not realise either. 'Yes' seemed bliss too great to be conceived, and 'No' was Chaos come again.

The time before he knew her, when work had been satisfying to his soul, when every girl who smiled upon him had seemed a possible queen—that time seemed centuries past. *She* had smiled upon him, and they were all hers now; the brightness of the sunshine, the pride of strength, and the glamour of shy, wistful glances. If it pleased her to depart she would take them all with her. Ay! and more, perhaps, than he dreamed of as yet: love of work, trust in womanhood, faith in goodness and truth.

'She will not go,' said George Alleyne to himself, kissing the sod where her foot had rested. 'She knew long since that I loved her, and she must have known that love would make me bold enough to look up even to her. She will not go *now*!'

Vanessa rose the next morning feeling a little more firm in her resolution than before she slept. There is something in the clear morning light that lends itself to hard practical views of life and its issues; and there was a touch of frost in the air, a grey misty look in the sunshine that seemed to remind her that the summer was indeed over, and her brief bright idyll with it—that the play was played out, and had been only a comedietta after all.

She rarely saw the young owner of the farm at the breakfast table. He was generally far away in the fields by the time she made her appearance, and Mrs. Alleyne had been for an hour or two looking to the ways of her household, and merely took a second breakfast out of compliment to her guest.

A bunch of flowers lay by Vanessa's plate, and she was fain to assume that one of the little girls had put it there before they went to school. But she might have remembered that those Gloire de Dijon roses had climbed too high for ten years old or even eleven to reach; and so remembering, she should have refrained from fastening them in her bosom when she rose from the table.

Vanessa's morning occupations at Brook Farm were never very settled, but this morning neither books, nor work, nor letter-writing could hold her for five minutes at a time. She took her

hat at last, and went out by the farmyard gate, calling to Watch, the collie; purposely left at home, as she could not but guess, because she had once said that she liked him for a companion in her walks.

The field paths seemed to tempt her, and she wandered on, lost in thought, yet glancing here and there, and pausing now and then to listen.

'If I were to meet him,' she was saying to herself. 'I have made up my mind now. If I were to meet him and he should speak, I could answer him now, and have done with it all. It is time it was over.'

On she went, 'by hedgerow elms and hillocks green,' till, lifting her eyes, she saw at the farther end of a long field a brown strip of newly-turned fallow, and a little group of three or four men standing by the team of dapple-grey horses near the head of the furrow. It was too far off to tell whether George Alleyne was amongst them, but at the possibility Vanessa's nerve failed her, and she turned aside and climbed a stile that led into another field, wondering if his eyes were keener than her own, and half hoping that he would *not* see and come to her. The field was dotted here and there with trees, and at the further end of it was a shed, near which her experience told her that she would probably find another gate and a way out that would lead her to the other side of the hill.

Watch was bounding on before her as usual, and presently began to bark furiously, but she was too full of her own thoughts to heed him. The barking went on, however, mingled with angry growls, and in a moment or two he drew back to her side, either to protect her or to be himself protected, and Vanessa looked up with a start and saw what moved the dog's wrath and fear.

She had her own share of courage, but her heart gave a sudden leap as she recognised the great bull 'Prince,' whose vast brindled head and sullen majesty of demeanour she had admired the other day, looking over a wall by George Alleyne's side. He was moving towards her, but hardly beyond a walk, and her eyes measured the distance between herself and the huge brute, and then the space that lay between her and the shed.

'Quiet, Watch, quiet; come in!' she cried, a little breathlessly, and had to exert all her self-control to walk on instead of running.

Prince drew a little nearer, with sullenly-lowered horns; and

Watch, despite her call, sprang forward, barking defiance, then retreated to her side again as his enemy came on.

The bull shook his head and lowered it again, quickening his pace to a slow trot and then to a lumbering gallop; and Vanessa looked again at the shed, and wondered, in a flash of half-despairing thought, whether her utmost speed could bring her there in time.

A shout rang out in the distance; just as Watch sprang forward again and diverted Prince's attention for a moment even while inflaming his wrath. There was a sound of flying feet across the grass, and a voice close to Vanessa's elbow cried—'Bravely done! Run now, get to the shed—and shut the door.'

She obeyed, but the instant her trembling feet had borne her as far as the threshold she paused and turned to look.

George Alleyne had nothing in his hand but a slender ash-stick, but this was not the first time that he had pitted his courage and coolness against the bull's stupid rage; and Prince knew his master. He had thrown himself between Prince and Vanessa as he ordered her to take to flight, but had dodged the first heavy onset, and dealt a stinging blow that was not without effect. The bull half turned to retreat, then turned again, and stood for a moment pawing the ground in savage indecision.

The young man lifted the whistle that hung from his chain, and blew a long shrill call.

'Here! Dick! Tom!' he shouted, never taking his gaze from the bull's small fiery eyes. 'Help here!'

He made a step or two forward, holding up his stick, and Prince backed a step or two, lowering his head.

There was an answering shout from the men, as they struggled through the hedge that he had leapt just before; and George Alleyne turned his head for one moment and glanced over his shoulder towards the shed-door.

And then—and then came a desperate thundering rush, before which the young man's defence went down like a blade of grass before the hurricane, and Vanessa thrust to the heavy door, and fell on her knees behind it, and clasped her hands over her ears.

She heard, in spite of her closed ears—heard what would haunt her dreams for many a year—men's voices shouting—Watch's sharp eager bark, and the bull's deep angry bellowing.

Did it last for moments—or hours? She never knew; only that by and by there was silence, and she rose up, and opened the door.

Prince was driven into the field beyond, and three men were gathered round something that lay on the grass. She would have gone to them, but her feet failed her, and she stood still, leaning against the door.

'Let us take him in there,' she heard one of the men say. 'There's a bit of clean straw there in the corner,' and then he caught sight of her, and his face changed.

'Miss!' he said, very gently, coming forward, 'you'd best not stay here. Will you be going down to the house? and tell them there's been an accident.'

'No,' she answered, with colourless lips. 'Bring him in here, and let me see if there is anything that I can do.'

He shook his head, and looked back to where the others were already lifting up their helpless burden.

'Turn away your head for a minute, anyway,' he urged, beginning to strip off his coat; and Vanessa moved back, and sat down upon the straw that lay beside the wall.

'Lay his head here upon my knee,' she said, looking away, as she was bidden, and speaking very quietly. 'He will lie more easily so.'

And in a moment more they laid him as she bade, and she looked down upon her lover's face. His eyes were closed, and there was a little bruise upon the forehead, and two or three drops of blood upon the lips. The labourer's coat covered him almost to the chin, and the man stooped down and adjusted it with hands that trembled like a leaf, leaving nothing to be seen but the right hand and arm.

'Now!' he said, seeming to gather his wits together, 'you, Dick, cut across there to Widow Jones's at the lane-end. I saw the doctor go along that way a quarter of an hour since, and he's maybe there still. Tom! get back to them horses. They'll be doing themselves a mischief; and one ill job won't mend another.'

The younger men obeyed him, and Vanessa looked up appealingly into his rugged sensible face.

'Is there any water near here?' she asked with white lips. 'Could you get some?'

'I'll try,' he answered. 'But for pity's sake, Miss, keep still, and don't shift that coat!'

He hurried away, and Vanessa 'kept still,' hardly breathing, feeling as though nothing would ever move her from that frozen stillness any more.

It was not really long before he was back again, carrying his hat dripping with water; and Vanessa took it, and began to sprinkle that still face with deft cold fingers that hardly trembled.

'His mother!' she said, looking up after a moment with a catch in her voice. 'Ought you not to fetch Mrs. Alleyne?'

'I doubt it's no use,' answered the man, sadly. 'He's gone! or he will be gone before she could get here.'

'No! no!' she answered passionately. 'Look, he is coming to himself now! He will want her. Oh, go quickly and fetch his mother.'

'You don't know, miss,' he answered with a shake of the head. 'But there, I dare say it would be a satisfaction to her to try.' And with that he turned reluctantly and left the shed, just as a struggling breath parted those locked lips, and George Alleyne slowly opened his eyes and looked vaguely round the bare, rugged walls.

Full consciousness flashed into his look as it met the lovely, anxious face bending over him.

'You are—not hurt?' he gasped, his breath hard drawn, as if between keen stabs of pain.

'Oh, no, no—but you?'

He was silent a moment, and his eyes seemed to feast themselves upon her face, then wandered away, and returned again.

'I think that old Prince and I have had our last fight,' he said at last, very slowly, with a pause between each word. 'Poor mother! she never liked my keeping him. But I was—rather fond of him.'

His lips were white with anguish, but they almost smiled, and in his eyes the smile was full-grown.

'And it was for *me*,' she cried passionately, 'for *me*—and I shall never forgive myself!'

'Is it not that—that makes it easy?' he asked, still slowly and faintly, but with gathering earnestness. 'I had a question to ask you. You know what it was! Give me an answer—now.'

Her eyes were drawn to his, and did not waver. Into her face, that had been as pale as his own, a faint flush grew and deepened, but she was silent.

'You *knew*,' he said. 'I might once have been afraid to speak, but I am not afraid now. I love you! Could you have loved me—if——?'

Where was Vanessa's philosophy of flirtation now? The light,

laughing answer that was to shake off this passionate, inconvenient emotion, and leave her free?

She bent her proud head; her lips touched his—her lips that no man had ever touched before.

‘I could—I do!’ she said. ‘If only I could die with you—or if you had never seen my face!’

He made an effort to move, an effort checked by weakness and mortal agony; but the look of utter beatitude conquered that of physical pain. Never was such a look seen on face of man, save when there was ‘Death at the heart, with the heart’s desire.’

‘I think,’ he said, in a hardly audible whisper, ‘life could hardly have been sweeter—than to die—like this!’

There was a silence. Vanessa’s eyes were dim with slow, bitter tears, as full of shame as of sorrow. The look of bliss on that white, death-like face smote her like a sword. Death was making that bliss eternal, but what would life have done? Death was more kind than she had been, and she had no right even to grieve.

Only his long-drawn, panting breath broke the utter stillness, and she lifted her eyes, looking for the help that was so long in coming, and noticed how one bough of the nearest tree had changed its tint from green to yellow, and wondered why that one should change before the rest; and never after could see the first hues of autumn without a recollected pang.

‘It grows cold,’ he sighed at last; and that change had come over his voice for which there is no name, but which some of us know too well. ‘Is it evening already? Father, are you there? He will be gone. I shall never get there in time to say good-bye. Nay! I forgot. It is I that must go!’

The one hand that he could stir moved restlessly, as if groping in the dark for something, and Vanessa’s cold, trembling fingers met and held it. But she found no word to say.

‘I mustn’t go yet. I can’t go—yet,’ he sighed again, with thoughts all astray. ‘The wheat is out in the Longacres; they will never get it in without me. And there is mother. I promised father that I would take care of mother—and the little ones.’

The wistful tones thrilled Vanessa’s heart with a pang too keen for tears, but still she did not speak. The life that she had led hitherto had taught her nothing that could avail her or him in the face of this dark gulf that yawned suddenly across the sunshiny path that they two had walked together,

'Are you afraid?' she asked in a shuddering whisper, pressing the hand she held; and her voice and touch recalled him to the present as nothing else could have done.

'Afraid? No!' he answered, speaking more and more slowly, but with resolve that triumphed over pain. 'Don't be—so sorry. I ought to have done better—but *I* am sorry—and I think—He knows. If you had not loved me, I might well have gone to ruin—body and soul. But now—life has been so good—and death is better. No!—I am not afraid—*sweetheart*.'

The last words came so faintly that Vanessa must bend her head to listen. The eyes that sought hers were full of gladness, even while the death-shadow darkened in them. Of gladness and entreaty—and she stooped, answering the look, and their lips met in one long farewell kiss.

'Don't—forget!'

'My own love, my dear love, I *never* will!'

The play was over indeed, but the curtain was rung down upon no comediotta after all; but a scene from the great mystery-play of Love and Death, which is as old as this old world, and too sacred for sadness.

Vanessa Conway had no *confidante*; she made no moan and wore no willow, and held her old place in the world for more than one season after that.

By and by she found courage to take her life into her own hands, and shaped it into something very different to her girlish dreams—more satisfactory, if less brilliant.

But she was never married, though more than one man may have wished to melt that graceful friendly coolness of hers into something warmer.

One man had loved her, and died for her; and no living man could ever rival the lover whom Death kept for ever young and true.

If he had lived—who can say?—life and circumstance might well have been too hard for them both. But Death kept her also true to the promise once given. She 'never forgot.'

HELEN SHIPTON.

## *The Isle of Ruim.*

PERHAPS you never heard its name before; yet in the earlier ages of this kingdom of Britain, Ruim Isle, rising dim through the mist of prehistoric oceans, was once in its own way famous and important.

Off the old and obliterated south-eastern promontory of our island, where the land of Kent shelved almost imperceptibly into the Wantsum Strait, Ruim Island—the Holm of the Headland—stood out with its white wall of broken cliffs into the German Sea. The greater part of it consisted of gorse-clad chalk down, the last subsiding spur of that great upland range which, starting from the central boss of Salisbury Plain, runs right across the face of Surrey and Kent, and, bifurcating near Canterbury, falls sheer into the sea at the end of either fork by Ramsgate or Dover. But in earlier days Ruim Isle was not joined as now by flats and marshes to the adjacent mainland; the chalk dipped under the open Wantsum Strait, much as the chalk of Hampshire dips to-day under the Solent Sea, and reappeared again on the other side in the Thanet Downs, as it reappears in the Isle of Wight at the ridge of St. Boniface and the central hills about Newport and Carisbrooke. For now the murder indeed is out, and you have discovered already that Ruim—this dim, mysterious Ruim—is only just the commonplace, vulgarised Isle of Thanet.

Still it is not without cause that I have ventured to call it by that strange and now almost forgotten old-world name. There is reason we know in the roasting of eggs, and, if I have gone out of my way to introduce the ancient isle to you by its title of Ruim, it is in order that we might start clear of the odour of tea and shrimps, the artificial niggers, and cheap excursionists, that the name of Thanet brings up most prominently at the present day before the travelled mind of the modern Londoner. I want to carry you back to a time when Ramsgate was still but a green gap in the long line of chalk cliff, and Margate but the

chine of a little trickling streamlet that tumbled seaward over the undesecrated sands; when a broad arm of the sea still cut off Westgate from Reculver cliffs, and when the tide swept unopposed four times a day over the submerged sands of Minster Level. You must think of Thanet as then greatly resembling Wight in geographical features, and the Wantsum as the equivalent of the Solent Sea.

In the very earliest period of our history, before ever the existing names had been given at all to the towns or villages—nay, when the towns and villages themselves were not—Ruim was already a noteworthy island. For there is now very little doubt indeed that Thanet is the *Ictis* or ‘Channel Island’ to which Cornish tin was conveyed across Britain for shipment to the continent. The great harbour of Britain was then the Wantsum Sea, known afterwards as the Rutupine Port, and later still as Sandwich Haven. To that port came Gaulish and Phœnician vessels, or possibly even at times some belated Phœcæan galley from Massilia. But the trade in tin was one of immense antiquity, long antedating these almost modern commercial nations: for tin is a necessary component of bronze, and the bronze age of Europe was entirely dependent for its supply of that all-important metal upon the Cornish mines. From a very early date, therefore, we may be sure that ingots of tin were exported by this route to the continent, and then transported overland by the Rhone valley to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Mr. Elton has shown that the great caravan track for this antique traffic was the broad and well-marked path that still threads the summits of the chalk downs, now known under the far later mediæval name of the Pilgrim’s Way. After ages used it as the road from the west country to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. But it was originally made for very different purposes indeed from that of Christian pilgrimage. Along the route ingots of tin have been discovered from time to time where the caravans, surprised by enemies or highway robbers, hastily buried them in what Indian *voyageurs* now call a *cache*. The merchants themselves must in such cases have been cut off to a man, and the assailants must then have failed to find the buried treasure—which was disappointing to the poor land-pirates, no doubt, after all their trouble, but consolatory to the modern archæologist and historian.

The tin road, to give it its more proper name, followed the crest of the Hog’s Back and the Guildford downs, crossing the

various rivers at spots whose very names still attest the ancient passages—the Wey at Shalford, the Mole at Burford, the Medway at Aylesford, and the Wantsum Strait at Wade, in which last I seem to hear the dim echo to this day of the Roman Vada. Ruim itself, as less liable to attack than an inland place, formed the depôt for the tin trade, and the ingots were no doubt shipped near the site of Richborough. We may regard it, in fact, as a sort of prehistoric Hong-Kong or Zanzibar, a trading island where merchants might traffic at ease with the shy and suspicious islanders.

Ruim at that time must have consisted almost entirely of open down, sloping upward from the tidal Wantsum, and extending a little further out to sea than at the present moment. Pegwell Bay was then a wide sea-mouth; Sandwich flats did not yet exist; and the Stour itself fell into the Wantsum Strait at the place which still bears the historic name of Stourmouth. Round the outer coast, only a few houseless gaps marked the spots where 'long lines of cliff, breaking, had left a chasm'—the gaps that afterwards bore the familiar names of Ramsgate, that is to say, Ruim's Gate, or 'the Door of Thanet;' Margate, that is to say, Mere Gate, the gap of the mere (Kentish for a brook), Broadstairs, Kingsgate, Newgate, and Westgate. The present condition of Dumpton Gap (minus the telegraph) will give some idea of what these Gates looked like in their earliest days; only, instead of seeing the cultivated down, we must imagine it wildly clad with primæval undergrowth of yew and juniper, like the beautiful tangled district near Guildford, still known as Fairyland. Thanet is now all sea-front—it turns its face, freckled with summer resorts, towards the open German Ocean. Ruim had then no sea-front at all, save the bare and inaccessible white cliffs; it turned, such as it was, not toward the sea, but toward the navigable Wantsum. Even until late in the Middle Ages Minster was the most important place in the whole island; and after it ranked Monkton, St. Nicholas, and Birchington—villages, all of them, on the flat western slope. The growth in importance of the seaward escarpment dates only from the days when Thanet became practically a London suburb.

With the Roman invasion Ruim saw a new epoch begin. A great organisation took hold of Britain. Roads were made and colonies established. Verulam and Camulodun gave place in part as centres of life and trade to York and London. Even in the native days, I believe, the Thames must always have been a great

commercial focus, and the Pool by Tower Hill must always have been what Bede called it many centuries later, 'a mart of many nations.' But under the Romans London grew into a considerable city; and as the regular sea highway to the Thames lay through the Wantsum, in the rear of Thanet, that strip of estuary became of immense importance. In those days of coasting navigation, indeed, the habit was to avoid headlands, and take advantage everywhere of shallow short cuts. Ships from the Continent, therefore, avoided the North Foreland by running through the Wantsum at the back of Thanet; as they avoided Shellness and Warden Point by running through the Swale, at the back of Sheppey.

To protect this main navigable channel, accordingly, the Romans built the two great guardian fortresses of the coast, Rutupiæ, or Richborough, at the southern entrance, and Regulbium, or Reculver, at the northern exit. Under the walls of these powerful strongholds, whose grim ruins still frown upon the dry channel at their feet, ships were safe from piracy, while Ruim itself sheltered them from the heavy sea that now beats with north-east winds upon the Foreland beyond. In fact, the Wantsum was an early Spithead: it stood to Rutupiæ as the Solent stands to Portsmouth and Southampton. But Thanet Isle hardly shared at all in this increased civilisation; on the contrary, Rutupiæ (the precursor of Sandwich Haven) seems to have diverted all its early commerce. For Rutupiæ became clearly the naval capital of our island, the seat of that *vir spectabilis*, the Count of the Saxon Shore, and the rendezvous of the fleets of those British 'usurpers' Maximus and Carausius. It was also the Dover of its own day, the favourite landing place for continental travellers; while its famous oysters, the true natives, now driven by the silting up of their ancient beds to Whitstable, were as much in repute with Roman epicures as their descendants are to-day with the young Luculluses of the Gaiety and the Criterion.

I have ventured by this time to speak of Ruim as Thanet; and indeed that was already one of the names by which the island was known to its own inhabitants. The ordinary history books, to be sure, will tell you in their glib way that Thanet is 'Saxon' for Ruim; but, when they say so, believe not the fond thing, vainly imagined. The name is every day as old as the Roman occupation. Solinus, writing in the third century, calls it Thanaton, and in the torn British fragment of the Peutingier Tables—that curious old map of the later empire—it is marked

as Tenet. Indeed, it is a matter of demonstration that every spot which had a known name in Roman Britain retained that name after the English conquest. Kent itself is a case in point, and every one of its towns bears out the law, from Dover and Lymne to Reculver and Richborough, which last is spelt 'Ratesburg' by Leland, Henry the Eighth's commissioner.

In some ways, however, Thanet, under the Romans, must have shared in the general advance of the country. Solinus says it was 'glad with corn-fields'—*felix frumentariis campis*—but this could only have been on the tertiary slope facing Kent, as agriculture had not yet attempted to scale the flanks of the chalk downs. As lying so near Rutupia, too, villas must certainly have occupied the soil in places, as we know they did in the Isle of Wight; while the immense number of Roman coins picked up in the island appears to betoken a somewhat dense provincial population.

The advent of the English brings Thanet itself, as distinct from its ancient port, the Wantsum, into the full glare of legendary history. According to tradition, it was at Ebb's Fleet, a little side creek near Minster, that Hengest and Horsa first disembarked in Britain. As a matter of fact, there is reason to suppose that at a very early time an English colony did really settle down in peace in Thanet. On Osengal Hill, not far from Ebb's Fleet, the cemetery of these earliest English pioneers in England was laid bare by the building of the South Eastern Railway. The graves are dug very shallow in the chalk, seldom as deep as four feet; and in them lie the remains of the old heathen pirates, buried with their arms and personal ornaments, their amber beads and strings of glass, and the coins that were to pay their way in the other world. But, what is oddest of all, a few of the graves in this earliest English cemetery are Roman in character, and in them the interment is made in the Roman fashion. The inference is almost irresistible that the first settlement of Thanet by the English was a purely friendly one, and that Roman and Jute lived on side by side as neighbours and allies on the Kentish island.

I don't doubt, myself, that the whole settlement of Kent was equally friendly, and that the population of the county contains throughout an almost balanced mixture of Celtic and Teutonic elements.

However, the century and a half that succeeded the English colonisation of south-eastern Britain were, no doubt, a time of great retrogression towards barbarism, as everywhere else in

Romanised Europe. The villas that must have covered the gentle slopes towards the Wantsum fell into decay; the fortresses were destroyed; the roads ran wild; and the sea and river began slowly to silt up the central part of the great navigable backwater. A hundred and fifty years after Hengest and Horsa, if those excellent gentlemen ever really existed, another famous landing took place in Thanet. Augustine and his companions disembarked at Ebb's Fleet, and held close by (on the hill behind Prospect House) their first interview with Æthelberht. But though this epoch-making event happened to occur in Thanet, it has no special connection with the history of the island, any further than as a component of England generally. And indeed, even through the garbled version of Bede, it is plain enough to see that British Christendom was not yet wholly wiped out in eastern Britain. The conversion of Kent was essentially a conversion of the king and nobles to the Roman communion; it brought back once more the part of Britain most in connection with the Continent into the broad fold of continental Christendom. It is quite clear, in fact, that Rutupia and Durovernum, Richborough and Canterbury, had never ceased to hold close intercourse with the opposite shore, whose cliffs still shine so distinctly from the hills about Ramsgate. For Æthelberht himself was married to a Christian Frankish princess of the house of the Merwings; and coins of the Frankish kings and of the Byzantine emperors have been found on the surface or in contemporary Jutish graves in Kent.

It is interesting to observe, too, that of the monks whom Gregory chose to accompany Augustine on his easy mission, one was Lawrence, who succeeded his leader as second Archbishop of Canterbury, and another was Peter, the first Abbot of St. Augustine's monastery. Out of compliment to these pioneer missionaries, or to their Roman house of St. Andrew's, almost every old church in this part of Kent is dedicated accordingly, either to St. Augustine, St. Lawrence, St. Peter, St. Gregory, St. Andrew, or St. Martin (patron of Bertha's first church at Canterbury). Thus, as we shall see hereafter, St. Lawrence was the mother church of Ramsgate, and St. Peter's of Broadstairs, while the entire lathe bears the name of St. Augustine.

In Thanet, too, the first evidence of the new order of things was the foundation in the island of that great civilising agency of mediæval England, a monastery. The site chosen for its home was still, however, characteristic of the old point of view of Thanet. It was the place that yet bears the name of Minster, situated on

a little creek of the Wantsum sea, where some slight remains of an ancient pier may even now be traced among the silt of the marshes. The island still looked towards the narrow seas and the port of Rutupixæ, not, as now, towards the tall cliffs and the German Ocean. Eggerht, fourth Christian king of Kent, by the advice of Theodore, the monk of Tarsus who became Archbishop of Canterbury, made over to the lady whose name is conveniently Latinised as Dompneva, first abbess, some forty-eight plough-lands in the Isle of Thanet. This cultivated district, bounded by the ancient earthwork known (from the name of the second abbess) as St. Mildred's Lynch, lay almost entirely within the westward-sloping and mainly tertiary lands; the higher chalk country was as yet apparently considered unfit for tillage. The existing remains of Minster Abbey are, of course, of comparatively late Plantagenet date; but as parts of a great grange, whose still larger granary was burnt down only in the last century, they serve well to show the importance of the monastic system as a civilising agency in the country districts of England.

Already in Bede's time the Wantsum was beginning to get silted up, mainly by the muddy deposits brought down by the Stour. It was then only three furlongs wide, and could be forded at two points, near Sarr and at Wade. The seaward mouth was also beginning to be encumbered with sand, and the first indication we get of this important impending change is the fact that we now hear less of Richborough, and more of Sandwich, the new port a little nearer the sea, whose very name of the Wick or haven on the Sand, in itself sufficiently tells the history of its origin. As the older port got progressively silted up, the newer one grew into ever greater importance, exactly as Norwich ousted Caister, or as Portsmouth has taken the place of Porchester. Nevertheless, the central channel still remained navigable for the vessels of that age—they can only have drawn a very few feet of water—and this made the Wantsum in time the great highway for the Danish pirates on their way to London, and exposed Thanet exceptionally to their relentless incursions.

In fact, the Danes and Northmen were just what they loved to call themselves, vik-ings or wickings, men of the viks, wicks, bays, or estuaries. What they loved was a fiord, a strait, a peninsula, an island. Everywhere round the coast of Britain they seized and fortified the projecting headlands. But in the neighbourhood of the Thames, the high road to the great commercial port of London, the mementoes of their presence are particularly

frequent. The whole nomenclature of the lower Thames navigation, as Canon Isaac Taylor has pointed out, is Scandinavian to this day. Deptford (the deep fiord), Greenwich (the green reach), and Woolwich (the hill reach) all bear good Norse names. So do the Foreness, the Whiteness, Shellness, Sheerness, Shoeburyness, Foulness, Wrabness and Orfordness. Walton-on-the-Naze near Harwich in like manner still recalls the memory of the time when a Danish 'wall'—that is to say, a *vallum* or earthwork—ran across the isthmus to defend the Scandinavian peninsula from its English enemies.

At such a time Sandwich, with its shallow fiord, was sure to afford good shelter to the northern long ships; and isolated Thanet, overlooking the navigable strait, was a predestined dépôt for the northern pirates, as four centuries earlier it had been for the followers of those mythical personifications, Hengest and Horsa. Long before the unification of England under a single West Saxon overlordship the Danes used to land in the island every year, to plunder the crops, and in 851, when Æthelwulf was lord of Wessex at Winchester, 'heathen men,' says the Winchester Chronicle, with its usual charming conciseness, 'first sat over winter in Tenet.' From that time forward the 'heathen men' continually returned to the island, which they used apparently as a base of operations, with their ships lying in Sandwich Haven; in fact, Thanet must long have been a sort of irregular Danish colony. Still, St. Mildred's nuns appear to have lived on somehow at Minster through the dark time, for in 988 the Danes landed and burnt the abbey, as they did again under Swegen in 1011, killing at the same time the abbess and all the inmates. On the whole, it is probable that life and property in Thanet were far from secure any time in the ninth, tenth, and early eleventh centuries.

At least as late as the Norman conquest the Wantsum remained a navigable channel, and the usual route to London by sea was in at Sandwich and out at Northmouth. It was thus that King Harold's fleet sailed on its plundering expedition round the coast of Kent (a small unexplained incident of the early English type, only to be understood by the analogies of later Scotch history), and thus, too, that many other expeditions are described in the concise style of our unsophisticated early historians. But from the eleventh century onward, we hear little of the Wantsum as a navigable channel; it has dwindled down almost entirely to Sandwich Haven, 'the most famous of English ports,' says the writer of the life of Emma of Normandy, about 1050. Sandwich is indeed

the oldest of the Cinque Ports, succeeding in this matter to the honours of Rutupiae, and all through the middle ages it remained the great harbour for continental traffic. Edward III. sailed thence for France or Flanders, and as late as 1446 it is still spoken of by a foreign ambassador as the resort of ships from all quarters of Europe.

Still, the Wantsum was all this while gradually silting up, a grain at a time, and the Isle of Ruim was slowly becoming joined to the opposite mainland. When Leland visited it, in Henry VIII.'s reign, the change was almost complete. 'At Northmouth,' says the royal commissioner, in his quaint dry way, 'where the estery of the se was, the salt water swelleth yet up at a Creeke a myle and more toward a place called Sarre, which was the commune fery when Thanet was fulle iled.' Sandwich Haven itself began to be difficult of access about 1500 (Henry VII. being king), and in 1558 (under Mary) a Flemish engineer, 'a cunning and expert man in waterworks,' was engaged to remedy the blocking of the channel. By a century later it was quite closed, and the Isle of Thanet had ceased to exist, except in name, the Stour now flowing seaward by a long bend through Minster Level, while hardly a relic of the Wantsum could be traced in the artificial ditches that intersect the flat and banked-up surface of the St. Nicholas marshes.

Meanwhile, Thanet had been growing once more into an agricultural country. Minster, untenable by its nuns, had been made over after the Danish invasions to the monks of St. Augustine at Canterbury, and it was they who built the great barn and manor house which were the outer symbol of its new agricultural importance. Monkton, close by, belonged to the rival house of Christ Church at Canterbury (the cathedral monastery), as did also St. Nicholas at Wade, remarkable for its large and handsome Early English church. All these ecclesiastical lands were excellently tilled. After the reformation, however, things changed greatly. The silting up of the Wantsum and the decay of Sandwich Haven left Thanet quite out of the world, remote from all the main high-roads of the new England. Ships now went past the North Foreland to London, and knew it only as a dangerous point, not without a sinister reputation for wrecking. On the other hand, on the land side, the island lay off the great highways, surrounded by marsh or half-reclaimed levels; and it seems rapidly to have sunk into a state resembling that of the more distant parts of Cornwall. The inhabitants degenerated into good wreckers and bad tillers.

They say an Orkney man is a farmer who owns a boat, while a Shetlander is a fisherman who owns a farm. In much the same spirit, Camden speaks of the Elizabethan Thanet folk as 'a sort of amphibious creatures, equally skilled in holding helm and plough;' while Lewis, early in the last century, tells us they made 'two voyages a year to the North Seas, and came home soon enough for the men to go to the wheat season.' With genial tolerance the Georgian historian adds, 'It's a thousand pities they are so apt to pilfer stranded ships.' Piracy, which ran in the Thanet blood, seemed to their good easy local annalist a regrettable peccadillo.

In all this, however, we begin to catch the first faintly resounding note of modern Thanet. The intelligent reader will no doubt have observed, with his usual acuteness, that up to date we have heard practically nothing of Ramsgate, Margate, and Broadstairs, which now form the real centres of population in the nominal island. Its relations have all been with Rutupiae, Sandwich, Canterbury, and the mainland. But the silting up of the Wantsum turned the new Thanet seaward, by the chalky cliffs; and the gaps or gates in that natural sea-wall now began to be of comparative importance as fishing stations and small havens. Ebb's Fleet was no longer the port of Ruim. The centre of gravity of the island shifts at this point, accordingly, from Minster to Ramsgate. The change is well marked by certain interesting ecclesiastical facts. Neither Ramsgate nor Broadstairs had originally churches of their own. The first formed part of the parish of St. Lawrence, which was itself a mere chapelry of Minster till late in the thirteenth century. The old village lies half a mile inland, and Ramsgate itself was throughout the middle ages nothing more than a mere gap and cove where the fishermen of St. Lawrence kept their boats. The first church in the town proper was not erected till 1791. Similarly, Broadstairs formed part of the parish of St. Peter's, the village of which lies back at about the same distance from the sea as St. Lawrence; and St. Peter's, too, was at first a chapelry of Minster. The cliffs were then nothing; the inward slope was everything.

Margate seems to have been the first place in the new Thanet to attain the honour of a place in history. As in two previous cases, the Mere Gate was at first but a fisherman's station for the village of St. John's, which gathered about the old church at the south end of the existing town. But as the Northmouth closed up, and Sandwich Haven decayed, the Mere Gate naturally became the little local port for corn grown on the island and wool raised on the

newly reclaimed Minster Level. A wooden pier existed at Margate long before the reign of Henry VIII., when Leland found it 'sore decayed,' and the village was in repute for fishery and coasting trade. Throughout the Stuart period, Margate was the ordinary place of departure and arrival for Flushing and the Low Countries. William of Orange frequently sailed hence, and Marlborough used it for almost all his expeditions. It was about the middle of the last century, however, that the real prosperity of Margate first began. Then it was that citizens of credit and renown in London first hit upon the glorious discovery of the sea-side, and that watering-places tentatively and timidly raised their unobtrusive heads along the nearer beaches. The journey from London could be made far more easily by river than that to Brighton by coach; and so Margate, the nearest spot to town (by water) on the real sea with any accommodation for visitors, became in point of fact the earliest London seaside resort. It was, if not the first place, at least one of the first places in England to offer to its guests the perilous joy of bathing machines, which were inaugurated here about 1790.

With the introduction of steamers Margate's fortune was made. Floods of Cockneydom were let loose upon the nascent lodging-houses. Then came the London, Chatham and Dover, and South Eastern Railways, and with them an ever-increasing inundation of good-humoured cheap-trippers. The Hall-by-the-Sea and other modern improvements and attractions followed. Like the rest of Thanet, Margate has now become a mere suburb of London, and what it resembles at the present day a delicate regard for the feelings of the inhabitants forbids me to enlarge upon. I will merely add that the recognised modern name of Margate is an etymological blunder, due to the idea immortalised in the borough motto, '*Porta maris, Portus salutis*,' that it means Door of the Sea. The true word is still universally preserved on the lips of the local fisher folk, who always religiously call it either Meregate or Mergate.

Ramsgate, a much more attractive and enjoyable centre, rich in excursions to points of genuine interest, dates somewhat later. It first came into note about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it did a modest trade with the Levant and the Black Sea, or, as contemporary English more prettily phrases it, 'with Russia and the east country.' In 1750 the first pier was built, as a national work, mainly to serve as a harbour of refuge for ships caught in gales off the Downs. The engineer was Smeaton, and

he succeeded in creating an artificial harbour of great extent, which has lasted substantially up to the present time. This new port, rendered safer by the enlargement in 1788, made Ramsgate at once into an important seafaring town, the capital of the Kentish herring trade, alive with smacks in the busy season. The steamers did it less good at first than they did to Margate; but the completion of the two railways, and the building of the handsome extensions on the east and west cliffs, turned it at once into a frequented watering-place. It is the fashion nowadays rather to laugh at Ramsgate. Marine painters know better. Few harbours are livelier with red and brown sails; few coasts more enjoyable than the cliff walk looking across towards the Goodwins, the low shore by Sandwich, the higher ground about Deal and Dover, and the dim white line of Cape Blancenez in the distance.

Broadstairs, close by the lighthouse on the North Foreland (the Cantium Promontorium of Roman geography), is still newer as a place of public resort. But as a fishing village it dates back to the middle ages, when the little chapel of 'Our Lady of Bradstow' stood in the gap of the cliffs, and was much addressed by anxious sailors rounding the dangerous point after the silting up of the Wantsum. Ships as they passed lowered their top-sails to do it reverence. Under Henry VIII. a small wooden pier was thrown out to protect the fishing boats; and about the same time, as part of the general scheme of coast defence inaugurated by the king, a gate and portcullis were erected to close the gap seaward, in case of invasion. The archway and portcullis groove remain to this day, with an inscription recording their repair in 1795 by Sir John Henniker. The railway has turned Broadstairs into a minor rival of Ramsgate and Margate and 'a favourite resort for gentry,' where 'those who require quietness, either from ill health or a retiring disposition,' says a local guide-book, may enjoy 'the united advantages of tranquillity and seclusion.' Hundreds of retiring souls indeed may be observed on the beach any day during the season, seeking tranquillity in a game of cards, repairing their health with the stimulus of donkey exercise, or soothing their souls in secret hour with music sweet as love, discoursed to them by gentlemen in loose pink suits and artificially imitated Æthiopian countenances.

Westgate is the very latest-born of these Thanet gates, a brand-new watering-place, where every house proclaims the futility of the popular belief that Queen Anne is dead, and where fashionable physicians send fashionable patients to cure imaginary diseases by a

dose of fresh air. It has no history, for only a few years since it consisted entirely of a coastguard station and three or four cottages: but it is interesting as casting light on the nature of the revolution which has turned Thanet inside out and hind part before, making the open sea take the place of the Kentish mainland, and the railway to London that of the silted Wantsum.

At the present day Thanet as a whole consists of two parts: the live sea front, which is one long succession of suburban watering-places; and the agricultural interior, including the reclaimed estuary, which ranks among the best-farmed and most productive districts in all England. Yet till a very recent date the Thanet farmers still retained the use of the old Kentish plough, the coulter of which is reversed at the end of every furrow; and many other curious insular customs mark off the agriculture of the island even now from that which prevails over the rest of the country.

I don't know whether I'm wrong, but it often seems to me the very best way to gain an idea of the real history of England is thus to take a single district piecemeal, and trace out for one's self the main features of its gradual evolution. By so doing we get away from mere dynastic or political considerations, leave behind the bang of drums or the blare of trumpets, and reach down to the living facts of common human activity themselves—the realities of the workaday world of toilers and spinners. By narrowing our field of view, in fact, we gain a clearer picture on our smaller focus. We see how the big historical revolutions actually affected the life of the people; and we trace more readily the true nature of deep-reaching changes when we follow them out in detail over a particular area.

GRANT ALLEN.

## *Dew.*

**I**F, on a summer evening, after the twilight's peaceful reign had succeeded the sway of the brilliant sunshine, you asked one what was on your boots or trousers, as you sped through the glistening meadow, studded with its lowing kine, you would be told—the Dew. If, on a bright morning, when all nature was awaking from her balmy night-rest, you inquired about the diamond drops that in millions sparkled on the mountain's brow, the uniform answer would be—the Dew. And if, on a visit to the garden, you see, on the broccoli, large, clear drops, translucent with gold light; or to the field you see on the turnip-blades crystal drops all-a-tremble with immaculate brilliancy, you would conclude that that is also—the Dew.

Now, that is *not* Dew at all. In all of these cases, where ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent people would dogmatically assure you of the long-cherished and undisputed opinion, the answers are wrong. Ruthless science has driven the sentiment out of the poetic mind: no longer now can one sing, with Ballantine,—‘Ilka blade o’ grass keeps its ain drap o’ dew.’ Because the drop on the grass-blade is not dew at all. For centuries have the poets sung unchallenged of this morning-dew and its unrivalled beauty. Merritt wrote of

Those verdant hills now bathed in morning-dews,  
Whose every drop outvies Golconda's gem.

Andrew Marvel, too, was so enamoured of the lucid tremblers on the grassy hill-sides, that he cried in ecstasy:—

See how the orient dew  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
Yet careless of its mansion new.

Shelley, the brilliant interpreter of nature's charms, often admired

the glorious hues of the drops that hung glittering on the grass-blades and flower-petals; he writes of

A globe of dew,  
Filling in the morning new  
Some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken  
On an unimagined world.

Shakespeare, ever true to nature, ever faithful to the interpretation of all her beauty, charmingly wrote:—

I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

But, perhaps, above all has Tennyson beautifully clothed these globules with poetic charm, when he thus wrote of two lovers:—

Nor stranger seem'd that hearts,  
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,  
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,  
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Yet that is not dew at all. The poetic imagery cannot, most fortunately, be roughly intruded upon, the charming drapery cannot be clownishly dragged down, but another name must take the place of dew, to be correct to the teachings of modern science. The fond delusion of the name must be dispelled. Yet, what's in a name? 'The rose by any other name will smell as sweet;' so what is falsely called the dew will never lose its brilliant attractiveness.

If you look into the garden on a dewy night—for there *is* such a phenomenon as dew for all that—you will find, on careful observation, something that cannot be accounted for by the ordinary principles of radiation and condensation. Why are some plants moist, while others are dry? Glistening drops appear on the broccoli, but nothing is seen on the petals of the peas and beans. Some dwarf French poppies will be quite dry, while others beside them are dripping wet. Now, mark these plants, and examine them next day. You will find that those on which there was much moisture are in most vigorous growth, whereas the dry ones are sickly and wanting in strong vitality. Go once more on a dewy night, a little later, with a hand-lantern, and place this behind a broccoli-blade; you will find that the moisture is collected in little separate drops, only along the very edge of the leaf. Examine more closely, and you will discover that each

sparkling drop has a definite relation to the structure of the leaf—it is placed at the extremity of a vein. The leaf-veins are the channels for conveying the moisture of the healthy plant to the edges; the drops are not dew at all, but are watery juices exuded by the vitality of the plant. Again, examine grass-blades, and you will find large drops near the tips of the blades, the rest of the blades being quite dry. The large drops seen on plants at night are falsely called dew; they are produced from the plants themselves, as tokens of their active and healthy growth.

Of course the fact of excretion of water by healthy, growing leaves has been long well-known. Boussingault found that mint transpired freely in sunshine—constantly about a grain to the square inch, and half that quantity in the shade; if, however, the roots of the mint were removed, they only transpired about one-fifth part. The root thus forces into the stem of the plant a supply of water, which is transpired by the leaves. And Dr. Wool's experiments on the same subject are most interesting and valuable. But the crowning merit is due to the most indefatigable and marvellous perseverance—amounting to genius—of Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., of Falkirk. He has conclusively proved that what has been so long called dew is merely the exudation of the watery juices of the healthy vegetation. In the course of his painstaking investigation—only equalled by his devotion to science in the matter of dust and the counting of dust-particles, with which he is now occupied at Hyères—he selected a small turf, placed over it a glass receiver, and left it till drops were excreted. Removing the receiver, he selected a blade having a drop attached to it. He dried this blade, and inserted its tip into a small glass receiver, so as to isolate it from the damp air of the larger receiver. The open end of the small receiver was closed by means of a very thin plate of metal cemented to it. In the centre of this plate was pierced a small opening, to admit the tip of the blade; but the opening was then carefully made airtight by means of an india-rubber solution. After a time, though this blade was thoroughly isolated, he saw that a drop was formed on the tip, of the same size as the drops formed on the blades under the large receiver. He, of course, was entitled to conclude that the drops on the outside blades as well as on the isolated blade were really exuded by the plant, and not extracted from the air.

Mr. Aitken next observed that these excreted drops are formed on grass on other than dewy nights. After rain, if there has been no wind, and the air near the ground is saturated, most of the

blades were found to be tipped with a drop at the same point as the exuded drop appeared at night, a position which no falling rain-drop could keep. This experiment is so easily made by any one, that the interest and the information gained are ample reward for the little trouble taken in making it. This exemplary experimentalist thereafter set about measuring the pressure inside the plants, which forced the moisture into the drops, so long called 'dew-drops.' He cut off a blade of cauliflower, which was growing in a pot for convenient observation, and fastened on the open stem a pressure gauge, consisting of a tube of mercury. Over all a receiver was placed to stop evaporation from the leaves. After a short time the mercury began to rise by the pressure of the sap from the roots of the stem; drops also began to show themselves on the edges of the leaves. He found the maximum root-pressure amounted to 40 inches of mercury. And in further experiments on the cabbage, he found this pressure rise to 52 inches of mercury or 58 feet of water. This reveals an extraordinary reserve of energy as the root-pressure which forces the sap into the leaves of plants.

What immediately struck Mr. Aitken was the fact that the surface of the leaves of all the different kinds of plants which exuded drops never seemed wetted by rain. The glistening rain-drop on the grass showed that the blades of that plant are not wetted by water, the glistening being due to the reflection from the inside of the drop, where it rests on the blade, but does not touch it. In all cases the rain-drops slipped off their surface 'like water off a duck's back.' The plants that did not exude sap freely presented a different result. The rain on the potatoes and beans left a thin and even film on the surface of their leaves. The fact revealed itself that the exudation of a drop cancelled the attraction of water on the whole leaf; whereas if the leaf-surface got wetted with water, the exuded liquid crept outwards from the exuding pore, and wetted the leaf for some distance all around it. It is interesting to note the effects which he observed in the behaviour of leaves towards their exuded sap and water. Two kinds of turnips afford a good illustration. The Swedish variety exude freely, the liquid which forms the little drops fringing the leaves; while the moisture exuded by the Yellows spreads itself over the leaves. One result of this is, that after dewy nights the softer varieties dry sooner than the Swedish, because the exuded moisture, by spreading itself over the surface of the leaves, dries up more quickly. Sportsmen who walk through turnips on an

autumn morning will at once notice the difference in the wetting effects of the two varieties. Mr. Aitken has explained the reason of the difference.

What has been for centuries called dew is, therefore, not dew at all, but the watery juices of the healthy plants. But look over dead leaves and you see a fine pearly lustre—that is dew. Dead matter gets equally wet where equally exposed, and the moisture does not collect on it in regularly placed drops as it does on plants. If radiation continues after the sap-drops have been forming for some time, the dew makes its appearance all over the surface. But true dew is of rarer occurrence than one would expect. On many nights on which grass gets wet, no true dew is deposited on it; and on all nights, when growth is healthy, the exuded drops always appear before the true dew. The difference between the true and false dew can be easily detected. The moisture exuded by the grass—false dew—is always isolated at points situated near the tips of the blades, forming drops of some size; whereas true dew collects evenly all over the blades. A glance discerns the pearly lustre of the dewy film from the glistening diamond-drops of the healthy plant's juices.

But whence comes the dew? Observing men from the earliest ages have thought that the moon and stars had an important influence on it. Aristotle mentioned that dew appeared only in calm and serene nights, and considered that it was the humidity detached in minute globules from the chill and clear air. Pliny thought that dew fell from the heavens; others theorised about it being condensed into water by the cold, or that the moon's rays made the particles rush together. Yet acute observers saw that the dew-clad grass was chillier than the air above. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Nardius, of Florence, defined dew as an exhalation from the earth. Boyle detected that the dew on glass was formed by the precipitation of the vapour of the air upon a colder body. In 1733, Gersten assumed the authorship of the theory hinted at by Nardius, that dew rose from the ground. But it was left to Dr. Wells to converge all the rays of scientific light upon the subject, and express in a clear and unambiguous manner the theory which, until about four years ago, has been in its entirety adopted by scientific men. According to Wells, dew was condensed out of the air near the surface of the earth. His famous work, the 'Essay on Dew,' was published in 1814; and of it Sir John Herschell says, 'It is one of the most beautiful specimens we can call to mind of inductive

experimental inquiry lying within moderate compass.' The great advance accomplished by Dr. Wells was to show that the amount of dew on any night or on any body depended on its powers of radiating heat at the time; that the more a body was cooled by radiation, the more dew it collected; that, in fact, dew was simply a case of condensation of the vapour in the atmosphere; and that, therefore, a body before it got dewed was cooled by radiation to a temperature below the dew-point at the place. But there was one thing wanting, that which he spoke of at times very indefinitely, the decided recognition of the dew which rose from the ground. This development was left to another man, an equally distinguished observer, a practical physicist, of whom Scotland has good reason to be proud.

Mr. Aitken challenged Dr. Wells's conclusions as to the source of the vapour that condenses on the radiating surfaces in the formation of dew. He conducted his experiments with rare perseverance and honourable care; he carried on his observations with exemplary zeal and well-merited success; and the highest scientific authorities at home and abroad now admit the accuracy of his conclusions. What first caused him to doubt Dr. Wells's theory that dew is formed of vapour existing at the time in the air, and to suppose that dew is formed of vapour rising from the ground, was the result of some observations made in summer on the temperature of the soil at a small depth under the surface, and of the air over it, after sunset. He was struck with the unvarying fact that the ground, a little below the surface, was warmer than the air over it. So long, then, as the surface of the ground is above the dew-point, vapour must rise and pass from the ground into the air; the moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it, and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew-point.

In order to test his hypothesis, Mr. Aitken placed over the grass shallow boxes or trays, made of tinplate and painted. These trays were 3 inches deep, and more than a foot square in area; after sunset they were placed in an inverted position over the grass to be tested. The experiments were made in August and September, when the ground was very dry. At eleven o'clock at night he examined the trays, and found that there was always more moisture on the grass *inside* the trays than outside, that there was always a deposit of dew inside the trays, and that there was often a deposit outside the trays; but the deposit outside was

always less than on the inside, and sometimes there was no deposit outside when there was one inside. These facts evidently prove that far more vapour rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on the grass. These trays very closely represent the natural conditions; for if we examine plants with large blades, we shall often find on dewy nights that those leaves which are close to the ground have their *under* surface heavily dewed, while their upper surfaces are dry. We observed this very particularly during last winter in the case of hoar-frost, which is just 'frozen dew.' We examined a considerable number of broad leaves which were close on the ground, and found the under surface glistening with hoar-frost, while the upper surface was dry.

Another method then suggested itself to Mr. Aitken in order to strengthen his conclusions. He considered that if vapour continues to rise from the ground during dewy nights, as well as during the day, the ground giving off vapour must lose weight. Accordingly he weighed a small area of the surface of the ground, before and after dew had formed, and found that, during the formation of the dew, vapour had escaped from the ground, because it had lost weight. He made this set of experiments: He prepared a shallow pan 6 inches square and quarter inch deep, and placed in it a slightly smaller piece of turf, which he cut out of the lawn. The pan and the turf were then carefully weighed in an open shed with a balance sensitive enough to turn with one quarter grain. The turf was cut at sunset, when dew was forming. After being weighed, the pan and turf were placed in the open cut in the lawn, where the turf had been cut out. They were left from 5.15 P.M. to 10.15 P.M. on October 7, and then weighed, when it was found that the loss of moisture was 24 grains out of 3,500 grains. Numerous experiments were made with similar results. This decisive test showed clearly that the soil loses weight, and that vapour really rises from the ground even while dew is forming; therefore, the dew then found on the grass must have been formed out of the vapour rising from the ground at the time. The dew on the grass was, in fact, formed by the cold grass trapping the vapour as it rose from the ground, the blades acting as a kind of condenser.

Mr. Aitken next set about making parallel experiments on the bare soil, and was successful in finding similar results. Besides, the inverted trays placed over the soil always showed a greater amount of condensed vapour inside them than those over grass. In

the weighing experiments, too, the soil lost moisture during the interval of dew forming. We have frequently noticed in the case of hoar-frost that, on lifting small clods on the surface of the ground, the under surfaces and sides, when close to each other, would be white with the rime; while the upper surfaces exposed to the passing air had very little deposited on them. In this case the vapour rising from the hot soil underneath got trapped in its passage through the cold clods.

Strange, too, dew forms on roads in great abundance on dewy nights. It may not be seen on the upper surfaces of stones, as these are good conductors of heat, but on the under sides. If a gravel walk be examined on a dewy evening, the under sides of the stones, especially when near the solid ground, will be found to be dripping wet. Mr. Aitken suggests a simple way of studying the formation of dew on roads. Take two slates and place one of them on the gravel and one on a hard part of the road. If these slates are examined on a dewy night, their under sides will be found to be dripping wet, though their upper surfaces and the road all around them are quite dry. This experiment also shows that vapour does rise from hard, dry-looking roads on dewy nights.

Mr. Aitken has received some corroborative information from travellers who have been in Australia and parts of South Africa, where rain does not fall for months at a time. They state that they often found the under-side of their waterproof bedding placed on the ground to be wet, after camping out at night. That shows that even in these dry countries vapour rises from the ground at night. We also observe in a letter from Lieut.-Colonel Fraser, residing in India, that, after he had thrown out a large quantity of iron hoes and picks without handles on the hard dry ground, he saw in a couple of months, a thick, weedy, but luxuriant, vegetation which almost hid the tools. We remember, when walking about in the vicinity of Hexham with an acute observer, trained to farming, that, on our remarking that the farmers might to their profit remove the extraordinary quantity of small stones from the fields, in order to give more room for the growth of the grain, he shrewdly remarked: 'These stones collect moisture from the ground: the soil is thin, with a gravelly subsoil, and unless the maximum amount of moisture is collected (which can only be done by allowing these stones to remain), there would be a very deficient crop. They must not then be removed.'

Dew then rises from the ground. Then how is dew formed on bodies high up in the air? If dew comes out of the ground, should

it not be found only on bodies exposed to the earth? Now dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises as vapour; some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapour-form until it comes in contact with a sufficiently cold surface to condense it into moisture. The vapour does not flow upwards in a uniform stream, but is mixed with the air by eddies and wind currents, and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited even though the country for many miles all around is dry and incapable of yielding any vapour. In such a case the supply of vapour to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew, and on what was wafted over by the winds.

These two facts, then, have now been established: that what was long considered to be dew is merely the exudation of vigorous plants, and that true dew rises from the ground. Brilliant globules are produced by the vital action of the plant—the liquid being the *elixir vitæ* of vegetation—showing life in one of the most charming forms in the phenomena of nature, especially when the deep-red setting sun makes them glisten all a-tremble with gold light; while an infinite number of minute but glistening particles of moisture bedeck the blade-surfaces in the form of gentle dew, which has risen in water-vapour from the warm bosom of Mother Earth, to refresh the thirsty plants and diffuse fragrance all around.

J. G. MCPHERSON.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

MAKERS of shilling novels must be proud to find Count Tolstoi among their ranks. His new tale, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, translated by Mr. Sutherland Edwards (Eden Remington), is very much like other shilling novels, not only in price, but in absence of humour. Count Tolstoi has been very harshly criticised, as if he, for his own part, held the ideas of his murderous hero, Pozdnisheff, about love, marriage, and those fair beings whom Guy Heavystone dismissed as 'poor little beasts.' This is hard on the Count, on the author, who gives us a view of life and love as entertained by an extremely ill-conditioned, homicidal, Muscovite maniac. It is not to be imagined that the Count wishes to see the human race die out, for purely moral reasons, as Podsnapoff, or whatever his name is, desires; and we are not to credit him with all Pod's wild criticisms of men and women. Why should he not be satirising rather than sympathising with this nonsense? To think he is a sympathiser is not to honour the famous Russian romancer, who is so dear to persons of second-hand 'culture,' and who really has great qualities, in spite of his admirers.

\* \* \*

One good quality, not usual in his work, is forced on the Count by the shilling *format*. He is short! He introduces us to some ordinary persons discussing marriage and divorce in a railway carriage, and to an unusual person, who admits that, for one, he has killed his wife. 'Shall I tell you the story of my life?' he says, and then he tells the tale

### *Why Pozdnisheff killed his wife.*

He did it, really, because he was, and had long been, madly jealous of a woman whom he had proposed to because, as he says, her jersey fitted well. Pod's reasons for his conduct are not so comic as his random criticisms on life and ladies in general. For example, how severe he is on water-parties, merely because he was captured at one of these entertainments, and how he assails

'that silly custom of eating bon-bons,' in which, it appears, Muscovite society is deeply engaged. Then, as few men (he says) 'believe in the sacraments,' he objects to the purchase of linen and quilts, and so forth, for the household! Why? He calls these 'abominable preparations,' and, altogether, is a most ill-conditioned, crabbed person. His criticism of his own wife is funny enough. 'The very sight of her inspired alarm. She was like a high-spirited horse, which, after long being left idle in the stable, is suddenly let loose without curb or rein.' Unluckily, it was not alarm that this lady inspired. A musician fell in love with her, and, to the excitable Pod, music seems 'a frightful power in the hands of any man.' There is the Kreutzer Sonata. 'Ought it to be played in drawing-rooms, in the midst of ladies in low-necked dresses?' Ought it; and, if not, why not? Probably very few persons listen to it; and, perhaps, those who do listen are not all homicidal maniacs, like Count Tolstoi's hero. On *him* 'the piece in question acts in a frightful manner;' and, after being acted on in a frightful manner, he went and stabbed his wife. Neither the music, nor society, nor anybody but this virulent fanatic himself was to blame. He believes that ninety-nine married couples out of a hundred live 'in a hell,' and 'execrate each other.' Now, a calm philosophy will admit that the percentage is much less than ninety-nine per cent. Count Tolstoi, being presumably a sane and educated man, cannot fairly be charged with holding all those impossible opinions. We might as justly make Shakespeare responsible for the conduct of Iago. Still, there seems a want of taste in giving the effusions of Pozdnisheff to the world at all. Even when his ideas are moral and useful, he utters them with a perversity that might bring morality into odium and contempt. There is no sweet reasonableness about Pozdnisheff.

\* \* \*

How different, how much more genial, if equally absurd, is Miss Florence Warden's shilling tale, *Nurse Revel's Mistake*! Here, too, we deal with Muscovites and murderers, very unlike the moral murderer, Pozdnisheff. Here one of the highest officials in the Russian police makes a serpent bite an exiled king of Sergitania in a Liverpool hotel; here a noble-minded nurse beards the Czar in his palace; here are intrigues to keep you amused on the weariest railway journey. *Nurse Revel's Mistake* is what you can recommend to a friend, if the friend has either simplicity enough to accept the situations frankly, or humour

enough to endure them tolerantly. Apparently the author had thought of introducing 'occult' affairs, and that tedious hypnotism which novelists should take a pledge against. Possibly even hypnotism might be made interesting by a novelist of original genius, who could treat it with life and vivacity, who could make the circumstances seem actual. But the ordinary introduction of the mesmeric art, quite blankly and nakedly, as a kind of *Deus ex machina* to untie every knot, is really too slipshod and indolent a device.

\* \* \*

The following spiritual anecdote does not seem new to me ; but I cannot recollect where I have read or heard it before, and it may be more fresh to others. The entire lack of evidence of any kind makes it valueless for psychical purposes, though it is easy to see how some psychical gentlemen would explain the double 'hallucination.' Well, is it easier to believe that the minister had an illusion so vivid that it impressed itself as vividly on the would-be murderer's mind also, or to believe in an angel's visit? Either would be an equally satisfactory answer to the minister's prayer; it was the end he cared for, not the means. Or we might argue that, the minister desiring and the sinner dreading a rescue, the thought produced, independently, the same effect on either brain, the fancied hearing of a horse's tread. There is a wide range for hypothesis.

'Some fifty years ago a minister, noted, in the districts where he had laboured, for his godly and earnest life, was riding back from a remote Yorkshire village, where he had conducted an evening service. He had ridden about four miles—not half the distance—when twilight began to fall; but this did not concern him, for he was used to long and solitary journeys, and knew his way well. It was a lonely one: he had sometimes reached home without meeting a soul: but to-night, as he was traversing—slowly, for his horse was old and broken-winded—a narrow green lane between cornfields where harvesting had begun, he met a labourer, apparently returning from work, for he was carrying a sickle swathed in straw.

"Good-night!" said the preacher.

'In rather a surly tone the man returned the greeting, and the preacher rode on till, turning a curve, he saw that he must soon dismount, for the gate between this lane and the lonely moorland road on which it opened was in sight, and, as he remembered, turned on its hinges with difficulty.

‘Just then something prompted him to glance back towards the field at his right. With a sudden horror he saw the labourer, from whom he had just parted, running close behind him, but on the other side of the hedge, and, as he ran, rapidly unwinding the straw from his sickle.

‘Further on was a break in the hedge, and the preacher realised that in no case would he be able to get through the gate in time.

‘In this extremity he uttered one fervent prayer for help, and rode steadily on towards the gate. That same moment, though he had heard no sound of hoofs, he was aware of a horseman riding by him—whom the labourer also saw; for he flung down his sickle and took to his heels, running hard as if he feared pursuit.

‘By this time they had reached the gate, and the preacher, dismounting, opened it and held it wide for his fellow-traveller to pass through, with warm words of gratitude on his lips. But no horseman was visible.’

\* \* \*

The difference in the character of human faculties is a curious subject of reflection. How comes it that men ever *invent*? It is not unsafe to say that if mankind, in the savage state, had possessed no more invention than most of us civilised persons do now, man would be in the savage state to this day. Consider, for example, the case of tools and weapons. If you split a flint in two, you get a keener edge by far than is borne by any of those old chipped palæolithic articles. You and I would have been content with that edge; we never would have imparted artistic merit to our axe-heads; and as for forging the metals, even if accident had suggested the idea, we never would have taken the trouble. Nor would we, most of us, have domesticated animals. It is labour enough, and too much, to teach a dog to beg—fancy the labour of breaking in the first wild horse! And so with other matters. We never, never should have noticed the movements of the stars, and begun the science of astronomy, and that without perceiving any use in it. We never would have thought about thinking. There would have been no philosophy, no grammar. Probably the majority of educated persons will admit the truth of these propositions in their own case. If primitive man had been as conventional, indolent, and incurious as they are, he would still be living on acorns, and earth-nuts, and an occasional opossum. There must have been births of miraculous genius in

these dark undated times, when man invented the bow, the potter's wheel, the forge, and first mapped out the signs of heaven, and barbed his hooks, not to speak of developing language. It was the early steps that needed so much intellect, so much more than is common now; and how was that intellect so early developed? This is a point that seems to have struck Mr. Wallace, where he differs from Mr. Darwin about human evolution, or rather about the intellectual evolution of humanity. No doubt the enthusiastic Darwinian has some ready answer to the difficulty. The enthusiastic Darwinian is seldom at a loss, and, being inventive himself, does not boggle at the origin of inventions. Yet, to other minds, it remains matter for wonder, first that men so little developed should have had such original ideas, and, next, that, having the idea, they had the energy to apply it in practice. It is so easy to slip on in the old grooves, like the beasts.

\* \* \*

No modern author, probably, wrote by instinct, by genius, and by dint of elaborate care, so excellent a style as Mr. Thackeray. Yet not even Scott himself was more careless of grammar as far as the vicious use of the superfluous 'and' with the relative, 'and which,' 'and whom' is concerned. *Pendennis* is particularly rich in 'and which's' standing where they should not; and here is a specimen of a sentence which 'men and hangels' may be vainly invited to parse: 'Indeed, Miss Bunnion having considered Mr. Pendennis for a minute, who gave himself rather grand airs, and who was attired in an extremely fashionable style, with his very best chains, shirt-studs, and cambric fronts, was set down, and not without reason, as a prig by the poetess, who thought it was much better to attend to her dinner than to take any notice of him.' What an outcry would be made by learned reviewers over such a crime in a modern author's work! These are among the 'slips of the pen and of the printer' which the author says in his preface he 'saw and would recal.' How odd it is that, a book once printed off and out of our hands, we cannot open it but we see blunders which escaped our notice in all the weary reading of repeated proof-sheets! Does some fiend in the printing office thrust in fresh errors, or wherefore are our eyes thus suddenly opened when it is too late? A little bad luck and a great dose of carelessness may explain the mystery.

\* \* \*

It is proposed to erect a memorial to Richard Jefferies, in the Cathedral of Salisbury; the capital of his native county, Wiltshire. The work has been entrusted to a skilful sculptor, Miss Margaret Thomas, and the cost is estimated at about 150*l*. There is no need to sing the praises of Richard Jefferies to the readers of this magazine, in which the 'Pageant of Summer' and others of his best essays appeared. If any of those who appreciated his work would like to send a mite towards the cost of the memorial, it will be gratefully acknowledged by Arthur Kinglake, Esq., Haines Hill, Taunton.

\* \* \*

The Salvation Army, perhaps, needs everything that can be said in its favour. The following poem (by Miss May Kendall) seems to myself optimistic; but I only know the Army from the outside, and, as much as possible, from a distance. Their wild war-songs at Whitechurch certainly do not add to the Sabbath peace of that pretty town on the banks of Test; in fact, they are a nuisance. The poet, however, takes a more friendly view of the Salvation Army and its officers, so she may speak for herself.

*THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.*

He looked somewhat crazed, the Captain,  
With his singular rapt face;  
And his eyes had a strange lustre,  
Which was the result of Grace.

He was very safe for glory,  
But he didn't seem to care,  
Said he wouldn't be contented  
If the whole world wasn't there.

For his watchword was Salvation,  
And he seemed to find a spark  
Of a soul in every sinner,  
Though they strove to keep it dark.

Till one day, Death's hand upon him,  
His fierce ardour sought to break—  
Laid him low in the poor attic  
He had lived in for our sake.

Came a night when we stood watching,  
Two or three about him there—  
Suddenly he bid us bear him  
Just to breathe the cool night air.

*AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.*

So we took the dying Captain  
 To the window, moving slow ;  
 For we feared his heart would fail him  
 At the evil sight below.

For 'twas drawing on to midnight,  
 The New Cut was at its worst,  
 Just a maze of drunken clamour,  
 God-forsaken and accursed.

And the yellow lamps were flaring  
 High, through that strange market place—  
 But there fell another lustre  
 On the Captain's wasted face.

Ay, and from the garret window,  
 As he looked into the town,  
 He beheld another City,  
 Where the stream of life ran down.

And he murmured, looking downward—  
 'In fine linen, clean and white,  
 Multitudes which none can number,  
 And the Lord God is their light.'

ANDREW LANG.

*The 'Donna.'*

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts. Contributions should be sent to

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and any remittances received after October 12 will be acknowledged in the December number.

Anon. (Bath) 10s. Fanny E. Bushell 1*l*. William Blunt 1*l*. Parcel of clothing (Glasgow). Overcoat (J.S.) Anon. (per Carter, Paterson & Co.) Large parcel of clothing, &c.

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